

BLADE TRINITY

by David S. Goyer

Over darkness a WOMAN'S VOICE speaks to us.

ABIGAIL (V.O.)

Italo Calvino once said that myth is the hidden part of every story, the buried part, the region that is still unexplored because there are as yet no words to enable us to get there.

(beat)

But I was there for the end. I took part in it. And I think my words can help shed light on what happened. My name is Abigail. This is our story.

FADE IN:

EXT. IRAQI DESERT - DAWN

Harsh sunlight beats down over a bleak, unforgiving stretch of rocky desert. Amidst this desolation rise the ruins of an ancient Sumerian ziggurat, a massive stepped pyramid of mud brick that was once the center of the city known as Ur.

SUPER TITLE: SOUTHEASTERN IRAQ, DHI QAR PROVINCE

SIX MONTHS AGO

AN EMACIATED SHEEP HERDER

kneels by the ziggurat, tending to a ragged band of sheep. He is conducting the first of his daily prayers, listening to a religious broadcast from Baghdad on a tinny RADIO.

Presently, we hear HELICOPTERS. The shepherd looks up --

TWO AMERICAN RAH-66 COMANCHE HELICOPTERS

approach from the East. They touch down near the base of the ziggurat, rotors stirring up clouds of dust.

FOUR FIGURES

disembark, their bodies covered in desert camo-gear. They wear helmets with polarized face-plates and are armed to the teeth. To the shepherd they might as well be aliens.

One of the figures turns to the East. We can see the rising sun reflected in the face-plate of his helmet -- and a hint of a skull-like under-mask/respirator beneath the face-plate. He raises a gloved hand, gives the "finger" to the new day.

Another figure (a woman) waves a hand, urging them onward. They mount the central steps of the ziggurat.

INT. ZIGGURAT - SHRINE - DAY

The shrine is empty. The woman activates a wearable computing device, calling up a schematic of the ziggurat.

She kneels, studying the floor. In the corner of the room she identifies a particular brick and presses it. We hear hidden COUNTER-WEIGHTS shifting and the floor opens up --

-- revealing a stone stairway leading down.

INT. ZIGGURAT - STAIRWAY - DAY

Dark. Sepulchral. Spooky. The figures descend into --

INT. ZIGGURAT - BURIAL VAULT - DAY

-- an empty room with an earthen floor. The sunlight from above barely penetrates down here. One of the figures takes out a battery--powered lantern, turning it on, illuminating --

-- walls covered with CUNEIFORM WRITING. The male figure who flipped off the sun speaks via radio headset.

MALE FIGURE

That's great. We've got dick.

(turning to the others)

Is there any reason we had to embark on this cluster-fuck during the day?

The woman removes her helmet. This is DANICA TALOS. A vampire. Intense, appearing to be in her 30s. Possessing a regal air. She wears a silver crucifix around her neck.

DANICA

Night-time's too tricky, Grimwood. You know that.

One by one, the others remove their helmets. All vampires:

GRIMWOOD (30s), a hulking vampire with an imposing physique and an even more imposing set of surgical steel teeth/fangs.

ASHER (40s), a natural-born leader with easygoing charisma.

WOLFE (30s), quiet and deliberative. Right now he's readying a portable ground-penetrating radar unit.

Grimwood studies the writing on the walls.

GRIMWOOD

What is this chicken-scratch?

DANICA

Cuneiform. Dates back about four thousand years.

GRIMWOOD

So why here?

DANICA

Because this was the cradle of civilization. He would've been comfortable here.

ASHER

I don't know, Dan. Seems like another dead-end.

WOLFE

I'm not so sure --

Wolfe looks at his unit, excited. The others gather round.

WOLFE

There's something beneath us.

ON WOLFE'S RADAR UNIT

We see a cross-section image of the soil and subsurface features beneath them. SOMETHING has been buried down there.

ASHER

Is that a body --?

Wolfe makes a few adjustments on the unit. The image resolves further. It's definitely a BODY. Then, we hear the low RUMBLING of more hidden counter-weights and --

A SLAB OF STONE

slides down from above the stairs, sealing off the vault.

GRIMWOOD

What the fuck --?!

Grimwood pounds his fist against the stone. It's solid. He tries to find a hand-hold, tries to shoulder it open in some way, but the barrier is unmovable. They're trapped.

ASHER

Radio back-up. See if they can open it from the other --

WOLFE (O.S.)

Guys?

Wolfe points at the ground. A tiny depression has formed, with sand funneling into it.

Wolfe sets his radar unit down and kneels before the hole. The grains of sand are falling faster now, the depression gradually widening. Curious, Wolfe leans closer --

A CLAWED, ARMORED HAND

suddenly EXPLODES upward from the ground. It latches onto Wolfe's neck. dragging him down head-first!

Wolfe THRASHES, his head still buried beneath the sand. He knocks over the lantern, which FLICKERS, shorting out.

Asher rushes to Wolfe's side. Then Grimwood. They grab Wolfe

by the shoulders, SCREAMING, trying to pull him back.

Asher is KICKED by Wolfe's thrashing legs. He flies upward, hits the ceiling, falls back onto the ground, stunned --

Danica joins Grimwood. Abruptly, they wrest Wolfe free -- headless. BLOOD erupts from the sand. Then --

A HELLISH CREATURE

unearths itself, ROARING. It's difficult to make out in the flickering light. But what we do see is terrifying. Spiked, demonic armor, clutching a sword. An elongated, helmeted face with a blood-splattered set of hinged fangs -- hinting at an inhuman physiognomy within. The hinged jaws open, coming at us. And just as the lantern goes out for good we --

SUPER TITLE: BLADE III

CUT TO:

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Danica moves down a modern architectural corridor lined in glass and steel. VAMPIRE SOLDIERS stand ready nearby, outfitted in body armor, clutching automatic rifles.

AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR

Asher, Grimwood, and another vampire, HENDRIX are gathered by a titanium door outfitted with a biometric security system.

Danica joins them, studying a VIDEO MONITOR which offers a darkened view of the interior of the vault. We can just make out a FIGURE sitting there in the shadows.

DANICA

What's he been doing?

ASHER

Nothing. Just sitting there since we brought him here.

HENDRIX

(nervously)

Do you think we've got enough security?

DANICA

Hendrix, if he wanted to out of there -
there isn't an army in the world that
could keep us safe. We didn't capture
him. He allowed us to take him in. You
understand?

(nodding to the door)

Now open up.

The others look at her like she's insane. Nevertheless,
Danica places her hand on the biometric scanner. Hendrix keys
in a series of commands on a nearby computer console. The
vault doors open with a HUM, allowing Danica into --

AN AIRLOCK-STYLE VESTIBULE

She steps inside. The vault closes behind her. We hear
BLOWERS as the air is cycled. A SECOND SET OF DOORS open --

INT. VAMPIRE SAFE HOUSE - CELL - NIGHT

Danica steps into a nearly pitch-black "clean room". We hear
BREATHING. Despite her calm demeanor, she's frightened.

From the darkness, SOMEONE SPEAKS -- a voice low and rumbling,
laced with an ominous gravity.

VOICE (O.S.)

Why have you woken me?

DANICA

Your people need you, Sire.

She kneels, bowing her head.

VOICE (O.S.)

(mocking)

"My people". You think I'm your messiah?
Your Savior?

We hear MOVEMENT. A pair of RED EYES pierce the gloom -- and
God help us, even though he remains partially shadowed, this
guy has to be the scariest mother-fucker we've ever seen.

VOICE

What makes you think I wanted to be
brought back?

A hand emerges from the darkness, armored. Danica wants to

bolt. Instead, she fights to keep herself from flinching as a taloned finger brushes her throat.

DANICA

Times have changed. Science has made great strides. Your blood, the sacrament you provide -- it can set us free now.

VOICE

I see. And the one I killed earlier? He was vampire?

(off her nod)

You must forgive me. It had been centuries since I last fed.

DANICA

I understand.

VOICE

Then offer yourself to me, child --

(lifting her chin)

-- and let me quench my thirst again.

INT. VAMPIRE SAFE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

WHOOSH! The vault doors open and Danica stumbles out, all but falling into Asher's arms. She's bone-white and there are fresh BITE MARKS on her throat, BLOOD staining her shirt.

ASKER

Danica! Are you alright --?!

She nods, shaking, struggling to recompose herself.

DANICA

Let him out-- he wants to see what's become of his world.

CUT TO:

A VIDEO MONITOR

LARRY KING launching into the intro of his show.

LARRY

Tonight, Dr. Edgar Vance, forensic psychiatrist and author of the New York Times best seller "Human Health: The Whole Being Breakthrough". Also with us is

Martin Vreede, Chief of Police. They're here for an hour and they'll take your calls. Next on Larry King Live.

INT. LARRY KING LIVE - STUDIO - NIGHT

Taping is underway. Larry King sits at his desk opposite EDGAR VANCE (40s), a smooth-talking pundit with a magnetic demeanor and movie star good looks. CHIEF MARTIN VREEDE (50s, square-jawed), joins via remote feed.

LARRY

Dr. Vance -- you're a psychiatrist and a biochemist, isn't that right?

VANCE

Yes. I've long believed that in order to achieve true health, we have to reconcile the body and the mind. Of course that also requires letting go of a lot of our old notions and superstitions, which is what my work is all about.

LARRY

Let's talk about that. How do you account for the fascination with things that go bump in the night? Movies, books, videogames -- seems like we can't get enough of our boogeymen?

Vance leans forward, skillfully playing to the cameras.

VANCE

Monsters provide a means for us to transfer our more primal and darker urges into something external. In the case of vampires, you're dealing with taboo issues like predatory rage and sexual sadism. These are scary subjects for people to own up to.

LARRY

So we pass the buck to someone else?

VANCE

Exactly. Historically, people suffering from medical conditions have always been our psychological scapegoats. In the Middle Ages schizophrenia was often attributed to demonic possession.

LARRY

And vampires?

VANCE

Well, there's a hereditary blood disease known as porphyria that has symptoms remarkably similar to the classic vampiric traits. People suffering from this disease are anemic, they become sensitive to sunlight, they can't tolerate garlic --

LARRY

Which is too bad, since my doctor tells me that's good for the heart.

(turning to Chief Vreede)

Chief Vreede? What's your take on all the recent rumors we've been hearing about vampires?

VREEDE

The only vampires I'm worried about are the ones passing the bar exam.

(laughing)

Seriously, if vampires existed, don't you think we'd be on to them by now? The truth is, our streets have never been safer. Homicides, assaults -- violent crime is down across the board. If people want to be concerned, they should focus on criminals like Blade.

LARRY

Now who's this? Tell me about him.

VREEDE

He's a sociopath we've been pursuing.

VANCE

Blade is a very disturbed individual. Even the name he's chosen for himself is troubling. According to witnesses, he operates under the belief that a vast conspiracy of vampires live amongst us. You have to look at the psychiatric underpinnings here. What does a person like Blade really want? Odds are, he's really trying to work out some kind of inner trauma. He thinks he's slaying monsters, but he's really trying to murder aspects of himself.

The sound of GUNFIRE pre-laps over from the next scene as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. MACHINE SHOP/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

-- a MASSIVE EXPLOSION ripping through an industrial building. Banks of windows BLOW OUTWARDS, FIRE ROLLS, brick walls CRUMBLE, raining debris everywhere.

A SCREAMING, BURNING MAN

goes tumbling into the night air. Buoyed by the explosion, his body flies upward, trailing fire like a human comet.

MORE MEN (VAMPIRES) race out, some of them on fire.

CLOSER

as a FORMIDABLE FIGURE resolves out of the swirling flames. It's Blade, striding towards us in slow-motion, body bristling with weapons, the exaggerated sounds of his FOOTFALLS ringing out like drums of doom.

He looks like the God of War. WHOOSH! We ramp back up to real-time. Then faster as --

-- a TRIO OF VAMPIRE LOW-LIFES (STONE, GEDGE, and CAMPBELL) run for their lives towards their vehicles. TWO MODIFIED STREET RACING CARS are pulling out; a Mustang and an Eagle Talon. Gedge is climbing into the Talon even as it starts to move, pulling the door shut. At the same time --

-- Stone and Campbell climb atop two stretched and lowered hardtail chopper cycles. Blade starts forward, drawing two of his custom MACH pistols, but --

-- the Mustang comes SCREAMING IN REVERSE TOWARDS him!

Blade makes a SUPER-HUMAN LEAP over the speeding car. Momentarily upside down, he FIRES through the windshield and engine block as he flips. Within the car, the vampires ASH. The Mustang EXPLODES. flipping over and --

-- Blade, now facing frontward again, continues to FIRE as he lands, aiming at --

THE TALON AND THE CHOPPERS,

which haul ass out of the parking lot, swerving into the traffic on the street beyond.

Blade KEEPS FIRING until he's out of bullets. Then --

ELLINGSON (O.S.)
No more bullets, Blade? Guess it's time
for you to fall down and go boom.

FOUR STRANDED VAMPIRES,

from the conflagration, their clothes still smoking, surround
Blade. Call them EMOND, DOH, DENLINGER, and ELLINGSON.

Blade holsters his MACH pistols. Then reaches for a wicked
looking CHAIN-KNIFE strapped to his thigh. The knife has a
button on either side of the hilt. As Ellingson RUSHES him --

-- Blade triggers the first button. ZZZING! The knife-blade
ejects from the hilt, trailing outward six feet on a razored
chain. The blade penetrates Ellingson's chest. He GASPS as
he starts to ASH. But before his disintegration is complete --

-- Blade hits the second button. The knife-blade retracts,
the razored chain WHIRRING back into the knife-hilt. Blade
SPINS, triggers the first button again --

The knife-blade FLIES OUT, the razored chain whipping around
Denlinger's throat. Blade tugs. The razor chain cuts through
Denlinoer's neck, decapitates him. As he ASHES --

-- Blade triggers the knife again. As it ejects, he whirls it
over his head, making a sound like a BULL-ROARER.

Blade drops low, swinging the razored chain. The chain slices
through Emond's legs. Emond's amputated legs ASH, the rest of
him tumbling onto the asphalt. He SCREAMS.

Blade retracts the knife-blade, whirls, THRUSTS it through
Doh's abdomen. who was coming up from behind. As Doh ASHES,
Blade returns to Emond, finishing him off --

-- and Blade is on the move again, RUSHING after the vampires
who escaped.

EXT. STREET - OVERPASS - NIGHT

The bike-riding vamps cut across traffic, then SCREAM down an
on-ramp to a busy street below.

BACK TO BLADE,

sprinting from the parking lot to the sidewalk. He touches a hand to his ear. We SEE a tiny receiver tucked within.

BLADE
Whistler! I'm on the Stonebridge
overpass at Clemons --

WHISTLER'S VOICE
Got it! Heading eastbound, I'm just
beneath you --

Blade dodges past a HONKING car, stepping onto and over the trunk, then leaps atop the safety rail of the overpass as --

A BIG-RIG CAB

hauling a semi-trailer THUNDERS beneath the overpass, sounding its AIR HORN. It has safety cables running along the perimeter of the trailer roof, like an aircraft carrier.

WHISTLER'S VOICE
-- GO!!!

EXT. BUSY STREET - NIGHT

Blade LAUNCHES HIMSELF into the air. He lands atop the semi, then tumbles, nearly slipping off the edge as he --

-- snags one of the safety cables atop the trailer! He dangles above the asphalt then SWINGS himself into the open back of the trailer. We HOLD for a beat, then hear the THUNDERCLAP of a high-performance ENGINE turning over as --

BLADE'S MATTE-BLACK DODGE CHARGER

ROCKETS out of the back of the trailer, sailing right over a car that was tail-gating the semi, heading into three lanes of on-coming traffic at fifty miles an hour!

Blade hits the brakes, sending the battle-scarred muscle car into a spin, clipping other vehicles in the process.

INT. BLADE'S CHARGER - NIGHT

As cars continue to brake and COLLIDE around him, Blade puts the pedal to the metal once again. The Charger accelerates, tachometer red-lining as Blade pulls alongside the cab of the big-rig, catching a glimpse of --

WHISTLER BEHIND THE WHEEL

Whistler grins, gives Blade a little salute and --

-- Blade reaches between the seats, ACTIVATING the newly installed nitrous oxide fuel-injection system.

EXT. BUSY STREET - NIGHT

Hyper-speed. The Charger jets forward as the NOS nitrous system boosts the car's speed by another 300 HP, leaving any and everything in its dust. In seconds, it has caught up to --

STONE AND CAMPBELL

They draw TEC-9s, FIRING back at Blade. The bullet-proof windshield holds as do the kevlar body panels protecting the engine -- but the rounds chew the shit out of the bodywork.

INT. BLADE'S CHARGER - NIGHT

Blade gives his car another jolt of nitrous. The Charger SURGES FORWARD as Stone and Campbell fall back, veering to either side. Now Blade is ahead of them. He checks their position in his rear-view mirror, then stands on the brakes --

EXT. BUSY STREET - NIGHT

The Charger drops from a hundred to fifty in a heart beat, causing Stone and Campbell to rear-end Blade.

The vamps are ejected over the handle bars of their bikes like crash-test dummies. Stone SMASHES through Blade's back windshield, continuing into the front seat--

-- while Campbell tumbles over Blade's roof and across his hood, somehow managing to cling to one of the windshield wipers at the last minute.

INT. BLADE'S CHARGER - NIGHT

Blade clutches the wheel. He's got a HOWLING vampire in the front seat, upside down, covered in windshield fragments and another perched on his hood, obscuring his vision.

Stone tries to right himself, clawing at Blade. Blade struggles, keeping one hand on the wheel while he --

-- reaches for a shotgun secured between the seats. He FIRES. As the vampire ASHES, Blade hits a button on the dash. The passenger door opens, spills Stone onto the road --

EXT. BUSY STREET - NIGHT

-- right into the path of an oncoming bus! WHAM! Stone is ground to paste and --

INT. TOUR BUS - NIGHT

TOURISTS, mostly elderly. The passengers are jolted in their seats as the wheels of the bus KA-THUMP over Stone's remains --

OLD WOMAN
I hope that wasn't a dog.

INT. BLADE'S CHARGER - NIGHT

-- and we're back in Blade's Charger as Campbell continues to HAMMER away at the windshield. The windshield spiderwebs. Campbell manages to get a clawed hand through --

Blade swings his shotgun over, shoving it in Campbell's snarling mouth. He pulls the trigger --

BOOM! Campbell's CINDER-REMAINS blow over the cracked windshield. Blade hits the wipers, spritzes window cleaner - but the mess turns to ashen sludge. making the view worse!

EXT. BUSY STREET - NIGHT

The Talor is up ahead, weaving in and out of traffic. Fighting to see, Blade accelerates, gaining ground --

The VAMPIRE DRIVER leans out of his own window, looking back at Blade, FIRING an AUTOMATIC PISTOL --

INT. BLADE'S CHARGER - NIGHT

Blade's windshield, already weakened by Campbell, SHATTERS, blowing glass fragments all over him. Undaunted, Blade calmly reaches for his dash, hitting a button labeled "UV".

EXT. BUSY STREET/BLADE'S CHARGER - NIGHT

Roof-mounted UV DAYLIGHTS come on, bathing the car ahead and

(more importantly) the vampire driver with UV LIGHT!

The vampire at the wheel SHRIEKS, ASHES, leaving the car

driverless. Gedge tries to lean over and take the wheel --

INT. BLADE'S CHARGER - NIGHT

BURNING REMAINS blow back at us. Then the view clears and --

EXT. BUSY STREET - NIGHT

-- Blade SLAMS his charger into the Talon. The cars briefly lock, grinding SPARKS. Then they disengage. Blade jerks his steering wheel, gives the Talon ANOTHER SLAM.

The Talon hits the curb, riding halfway up onto a sidewalk, PLOWING DOWN newspaper vending machines and table-top displays piled with cheap wares, then a phone booth, a food cart. PEDESTRIANS duck for cover and --

-- the Talon gets some serious air, ROLLING onto its side as it comes back to earth.

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

--WK-KRUNCH-- the wreck skids to a stop against a streetlight. The streetlight CREAKS, CRASHES DOWN on the wreck. BYSTANDERS gather, murmuring amongst themselves --

Gedge drags his bleeding body from the wrecked Talon. He staggers to his feet, clutching a pistol, limps away --

BLADE'S CHARGER

pulls up. Blade climbs out, shotgun in hand. The shotgun has an under-mounted stake launcher. Blade FIRES at --

-- Gedge. The stake hits him in the back. KNOCKING him onto the street. Bystanders SCREAM, falling back, taking cover --

Blade approaches, puzzled. Gedge is still alive, LAUGHING. He looks at Blade, eyes crazed, flashing his fangs.

BLADE

Staked you with silver. Why aren't you ash?

Gedge coughs blood, struggles to speak:

GEDGE

Why aren't you smarter? Not a vampire, dumbshit -- set your sorry ass up --

Gedge tugs at his fangs. They're fake, PROSTHETIC. Gedge is looking past Blade. Blade turns, looking up --

A ROOFTOP ABOVE

Danica is perched there. She backs into the shadows. But Blade doesn't have time to investigate because --

-- POLICE SIRENS are drawing near. Blade retreats to his charger. He GUNS it, speeding away as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. BLADE AND WHISTLER'S REFUGE - BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Blade's Charger pulls up to a boat house at the water's edge. Blade climbs out, disappears inside.

WHISTLER (O.S.)

What the fuck happened tonight?

INT. BLADE AND WHISTLER'S REFUGE - BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

New digs. Built into the decaying boat house, retrofitted for Blade's combat needs. Blade is taking off his body armor, tossing weapons onto a work table. He's frustrated.

BLADE

How should I know? He was human.

Whistler reaches for a bottle of whiskey, takes a sip.

WHISTLER

You've been getting careless, Blade. You kill a vampire, they ash, don't leave any proof of their existence. But something like this, a human corpse, it's messy --
(shaking his head)
-- you better hope nobody IDed you.

CUT TO:

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - DANICA'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a digital video tape being slipped into a player.
PULL BACK to reveal Danica sitting before a monitor.

ON THE MONITOR WE SEE

Footage of Blade confronting Gedge, filmed from a high-angle.
Danica smiles and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. FBI REGIONAL HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Establishing.

SUPER TITLE: FBI REGIONAL HEADQUARTERS

WOMAN'S VOICE

It was horrible. The one car crashed, and then the guy in the coat was shooting the other guy --

INT. FBI REGIONAL HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON a TV screen. We are watching a news feed. A REPORTER interviews a WOMAN at the intersection where Blade executed Gedge. Now the reporter turns to the camera.

REPORTER

(on-screen)

That was just a taste of the mayhem that occurred during tonight's brazen shoot-out that left at least four people dead. Now

apparently an anonymous citizen captured
the whole event on video --

The IMAGE FREEZES. We hear the clatter of KEYBOARD KEYS as we
pan over to an adjacent computer monitor where a series of
VIDEO CAPTURES of the event flash by us in slide-show mode.

AGENT RAY CUMBLERLAND studies the screen. Ray is a career
agent. Dedicated and dogged to the point of annoyance,
utterly humorless. His office is cramped and institutional,
devoid of any personal touches. It's also overflowing with
files, photographs, and charts concerning Blade and Whistler.

A BULLETIN BOARD

features numerous surveillance photos of Blade and Whistler in
action, along with various news clippings and two WANTED
POSTERS ("UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO AVOID PROSECUTION - MURDER,
AGGRAVATED KIDNAPPING, ARMED VIOLENCE"). Most of the photos
are blurry and indistinct -- akin to snaps taken of Bigfoot.

HALE (O.S.)
Ray! Heard we've got a lead!

WILSON HALE (20s), Ray's subordinate, rushes in, excited. Ray
stands, ripping down a photo of Blade and Whistler.

CUMBERLAND
Book us a flight, Hale. Time to take
these cowboys down.

CUT TO:

WHISTLER (O.S.)
Pack of Reds and some matches.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Whistler is buying a pack of cigarettes when he notices --

A BLACK AND WHITE TABLOID

on display nearby. The cover story features a BLURRY PHOTO of
Blade's recent melee with the vampires.

Whistler picks up the tabloid, studying it. Next to the photo

is an ARTIST'S SKETCH OF BLADE. The headline reads: "GUN
TOTING PSYCHOPATH CAPTURED ON FILM!"

Whistler nods to the CASHIER, hands over some more cash.

WHISTLER
I'll take this too.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Whistler exits the store, perusing the tabloid as he walks.
We hear the WHIR of a camera's HIGH-SPEED MOTOR DRIVE and --

A SERIES OF DIGITAL SHOTS

capture Whistler as he moves down the sidewalk.

ANGLE ON AN FBI AGENT

perched on a nearby roof, taking surveillance photos.

FBI AGENT
Subject is heading West.

WHIP-PAN to a parked CAR, Cumberland and Hale seated within.

CUMBERLAND
Got him.

Cumberland starts the car, starts following Whistler.

WHISTLER (O.S.)
Congratulations. You're famous. Just
what we needed.

INT. BLADE'S REFUGE - BOAT HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON the tabloid as Whistler slaps it down on a workbench.
WIDEN to include Whistler and Blade.

WHISTLER
Somebody screwed us. Your face is all
over the papers, the television. Media's
eating it up.

BLADE

Like I care?

WHISTLER

You should. Something like this --
(gesturing to the tabloid)
-- taking out a human, even one working
for the vampires -- far as the rest of the
world's concerned, you're public enemy
number one.

BLADE

Didn't realize this was a popularity
contest.

Whistler shakes his head, frustrated.

WHISTLER

Damnit, Blade, don't you see what's
happening?! The fuckers are finally
getting smart. They're waging a goddamn
PR campaign. Now it's not just vampires
we have to worry about, we're gonna have
to take on the rest of the world too.
(beat, adamant)
They've got us on the run. These last few
months we've barely been staying ahead of
the curve.

BLADE

You worry too much, old man.

WHISTLER

I've been doing this since before you were
born, Blade. The moment you stop
worrying, you're dead.

Then Whistler's face softens for a moment.

WHISTLER

Since the day I found you, you've been
like a son to me. I taught you everything
I know.
(beat)
But I'm tired. You understand?

EXT. INNER CITY STREET - NIGHT

It's rush hour and the streets are choked with traffic.
PEOPLE mill past on the crowded sidewalk.

We move from face to face, capturing brief portraits of

working-class desperation -- an OVERWEIGHT GUY, a PAIR OF HOMELESS TEENAGERS, an ASIAN VENDOR, a STREETWALKER.

VOICE (O.S.)
How about that one?

SECOND VOICE (O.S.)
No fatties. They taste like Cheetos.

THIRD VOICE (O.S.)
What about that shrunken apple-head
beeyatch-a-saurus over there?

VOICE (O.S.)
Fucking blow me, man!

We hear LAUGHTER and we WHIP-PAN over to a grimy office building, ZIPPING UP the face of it to --

A ROOFTOP PARKING STRUCTURE

A SKATE-PUNK (SQUID) gets some air, flipping his board up into a nice Ollie backside grab, then scoots over to --

-- THREE MORE PUNKS perched on a concrete ledge, watching the people below them. They are: PROOF, FLICK and DINGO. All in their teens, sporting copious piercings and tattoos. Flick wears a ratty T-shirt from "The Lost Boys" movie.

DINGO
C'mon, just pick one.

PROOF
Once you buy a prize, it's yours and
yours to keep.

They keep looking. Then, Flick suddenly points, excited --

FLICK
Got it, got it! Baby on board!

ANGLE ON A MOUSY WOMAN (ABIGAIL)

moving below, her figure camouflaged beneath layers of clothing. She's in her 20s, lugging a NEWBORN in a BabyBjorn carrier that's strapped to her chest, clutching a bag of groceries in either hand. She looks a little haggard.

As we watch, she reaches an elevated rail station entrance.

BACK TO THE SKATE-PUNKS

Dingo nods and smiles approvingly.

DINGO

Looks like we got ourselves a combo meal.

EXT. ELEVATED RAIL STATION - VARIOUS - NIGHT

A series of shots as Abigail makes her way into the station,
passing a few other PEOPLE here and there.

INT. ELEVATED RAIL PLATFORM - NIGHT

A depressing, dimly lit, partially open-air station. Abigail
moves out onto the platform, which is now deserted. She
glances around, a bit nervous, and finally sits on a bench.

Beat. Just the wind MOANING in the tunnels, across the
platform. Then we hear a RUSTLING SOUND --

Abigail looks right, sees nothing. We hear ANOTHER SOUND,
this time from the left --

Abigail looks up, briefly glimpsing a FIGURE ducking behind a
concrete pillar.

Unnerved, she stands, moving a protective hand over her baby.
She backs up a few steps, trying to look around the pillar --

-- but no one is there. Then a SHADOW MOVES behind her. She
SENSES it, spinning --

-- but again, she seems to be alone. Thoroughly frightened
now, Abigail scoops up her grocery bags, turns to exit and --

-- slams right into Dingo and Proof! She GASPS.

DINGO

Hey, pretty lady.

PROOF
Sophisticated mama.

Dingo and Proof reveal their fangs. Abigail SCREAMS, runs --

-- right into the arms of Flick and Squid! They grab her, RIPPING the BabyBjorn carrier from her chest, SHOVING her back at Dingo and Proof.

In seconds, Dingo and Proof have Abigail on the floor. They're tearing away at her clothing, LAUGHING.

DINGO
Scream if this hurts, chica!

ON FLICK,

removing the BABY from its carrier. He holds the baby up - only it's not a baby. It's a DOLL with the words "FUCK YOU!" written on its chest. Flick is briefly confused --

-- and then the baby doll EXPLODES, covering Flick's face with a cloud of GARLIC GAS!

Flick recoils, retching, wiping at his burning face --

FLICK
--aghhk -- it's fucking garlic!

ON DINGO AND PROOF,

looking back, alarmed. Then Abigail pulls her knee to her chest. A SILVER SPIKE springs out from the toe of her boot.

She KICKS UP, imbedding the spike up through the underside of Proof's chin. Proof ASHES.

Before Dingo has a chance to act, Abigail gets him in a leglock, FLIPPING him back onto his ass.

ABIGAIL

jumps to her feet, shedding her coat and hat. Long tresses of hair spill around her shoulders. She's not mousy at all. In fact, she's beautiful. And cut like an Olympic athlete. And equipped with a walking arsenal of weapons.

Dingo SNARLS -- CRUNCH! Abigail plants her heel in his face, SMASHING IN his nose. She does a cartwheel, KICKS him again. Follows that with flurry of PUNCHES. He goes down as --

-- Flick and Squid come charging! Squid gets her in a CHOKE HOLD. She FLIPS him over her shoulder, KICKING him in the nuts as he lands. He curls up, GROANING --

Abigail turns back to Flick, ELBOWING him in the throat --

-- then returns to Squid, ejecting a SILVER THROWING KNIFE from a spring-loaded, automated dispenser strapped to her wrist. She POPS the knife through Squid's chest. He ASHES --

FOLLOWING ABIGAIL

as she reaches behind her, removing a CRESCENT-SHAPED DEVICE secured to her back. She holds the crescent in the center, the curve pointing away from her, gives it a twist and --

CHINKT! The device extends from either end, telescoping outward into a three-foot long metal arc. Connecting the two ends of the arc is a powerful, BUZZING UV LASER.

Abigail LASHES OUT, lopping off Flick's arm. His arm falls, ASHING. Abigail swings the arc around, pushing it forward through Flick's mid-section like a cheese cutter --

Flick literally falls apart, his upper torso sliding from his trunk, ASHING in the foreground, his burning particles falling away to reveal Abigail in the background --

Dingo scrambles to his feet, running for his life.

Abigail gives her UV arc a twist. It retracts. She secures it behind her back once again, unholsters a strange-looking "bloop" GUN with a large barrel. She FIRES --

A rapidly-expanding spherule of ANTI-PERSONNEL FOAM splatters against Dingo's legs, hardening instantly, tripping him up --

Dingo goes down again. He panics, trying to scrape the gunk off his legs, manages to get one of his hands stuck to the hardening mess in the process -- like a mouse in a glue-trap.

Abigail calmly approaches. She stands over Dingo, staring down at him with a look of cruel indifference. She holsters her bloop gun, withdraws another SILVER STAKE --

ABIGAIL
Scream if this hurts, chica.

-- and SLAMS the stake into his chest.

WIDEN OUT

Abigail turns, surveying her work. The ashen remains of the vampires are popping and crackling like campfire embers. In thirty-seven seconds she's managed to eliminate them all.

A train approaches, pulls into the station. PASSENGERS disembark, flood the platform. They tramp all over the ashes of the vampires, completely unaware of the recent slaughter.

Abigail walks against the stream of traffic, boards the train. She is the sole passenger as the train pulls away.

INT. BLADE'S REFUGE - WHISTLER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Whistler sits on a cot, contemplating the tarnished wedding ring on his hand. He slowly spins it around his finger.

INT. BLADE'S REFUGE - BLADE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Blade sits before a small Buddhist shrine, meditating. Incense burns. His sword rests in a ceremonial holder. Near silence punctuated by the intermittent ocean swell outside.

CLOSE ON BLADE'S FACE

We hear the SOUNDS OF VIOLENCE -- ECHOING SCREAMS, GUNSHOTS. These are Blade's thoughts. The inner demons he is constantly trying to tame. The sounds CRESCENDO and --

-- Blade opens his eyes. He listens. Something is wrong.

INT. BLADE'S REFUGE - BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Blade creeps into the outer room, sword drawn.

NOISE behind him, turns to see --

WHISTLER

standing in the shadows, clutching a handgun.

WHISTLER

What is it?

BLADE

What you've been worrying about.

They listen. Just the sound of the ocean swell. Then --

A WINDOW SHATTERS

TWO ARMORED SWAT AGENTS lower in on rappelling lines.

TWO MORE AGENTS

CRASH through a bank of windows on either side, swinging in. They FIRE cannisters of TEAR GAS. As Blade moves to engage them, Whistler RUSHES into the heart of the armory --

A reinforced door EXPLODES inward. MORE AGENTS storm inside.

FROM THE WATER,

a military Zodiac (inflatable boat) roars up one of the wooden boat ramps, laden with gun-toting AGENTS. They jump out, fanning all over the boat house.

He hears a

AGENT

On the floor! ON THE FLOOR!

Whistler FIRES at them, then makes a run for it. The agents RETURN FIRE, but Whistler ducks behind a concrete pillar --

EXT. BLADE'S REFUGE - BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Cop cruisers, unmarked cars, and SWAT trucks sweep in, SIRENS blaring, disgorging a small army of POLICE and FBI AGENTS. POLICE BOATS are pulling up to the dock.

AGENTS CUMBERLAND AND HALE

emerge from an unmarked, wearing bullet-proof vests, brandishing firearms. Cumberland barks orders into a radio.

CUMBERLAND

Lock it down! Keep them contained!

On the rooftops above, various SWAT SNIPERS take position.

INT. BLADE'S REFUGE - BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Blade BRAWLS with a half-dozen agents, sending them flying in all directions. He grabs one agent, HEAD-BUTTS him, THROWS him into the path of two others --

Then he reaches for another, THROWING him THROUGH a window at the rear, out into the river which runs below --

ON WHISTLER

as he moves with increased urgency. The armory is filling up with tear gas. Coughing and half-blind, he hurries to a bank of computers, types in a series of commands --

THE VARIOUS COMPUTER MONITORS

around him synch up, showing the same protocol message:

Data protection routine enabled

-- Server 1 protection enabled...

-- Server 2 protection enabled...

In response, a rack of network storage equipment and removable hard drives EXPLODES. Then a second rack of equipment EXPLODES as well.

EXT. BLADE'S REFUGE - BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

From their vantage point below, Cumberland and the others can hear the explosions. Cumberland is on his radio, SHOUTING:

CUMBERLAND

What's going on in there?

AGENT'S VOICE
(over radio)
Some kind of self-destruct program!
They're fragging their hard drives!

INT. BLADE'S REFUGE - BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Whistler keeps moving. An agent gets a clear shot at him,
FIRES -- Whistler is hit in the chest.

Blade SEES Whistler take the hit, but he's cut off from the
old man, being swarmed by agents --

BLADE
WHISTLER!

Whistler staggers, keeps moving. He makes it to another bank
of computers, launches the same protocol.

ON MORE MONITORS

Erasing information, purging themselves. We see commands:

-- Workstation 1 protection enabled

-- Workstation 2 protection enabled

With each successive command, the workstations themselves
begin self-destructing, EXPLODING one after another.

Another agent gets a bead on Whistler, FIRING a round into
Whistler's thigh. Whistler SCREAMS --

ON BLADE,

in anguish as he sees his mentor being slaughtered. Then two
agents are RUSHING HIM, tackling Blade. As one they fall
backwards, into another bank of windows --

EXT. BLADE'S REFUGE - BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

CRASH! The three of them come FLYING DOWN in a spray of
glass, landing atop one of the police cruisers below. The
roof buckles under their weight, windows SHATTERING --

CUMBERLAND

Take him down!

An FBI AGENT raises a CODA net gun atop his shoulder, taking aim. BA-BANG! Four projectiles expand out from the barrel, carrying a STEEL NET which has been strung between them.

The netting hits Blade, wrapping around him, restricting his movements. Immediately, a small army of agents DIVE on top of him, PUMMELING AWAY, trying to beat him into submission --

INT. BLADE'S REFUGE - BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

On the verge of losing consciousness, Whistler props himself against a piece of machinery. He's bleeding, been shot to hell. One of his hands is closed, clutching something.

Agents warily close in around him, guns raised.

AGENT

Move a finger and you're dead.

WHISTLER

(flipping them off)

How 'bout this one?

Whistler lets his other hand uncurl. He's got a REMOTE in his palm, with a tiny digital timer counting-down.

AGENT #2

He's got something in his--

00:03. 00:02. 00:01. The timer reaches zero.

A SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS

rock the workshop, knocking the agents back.

EXT. BLADE'S REFUGE - BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOUDS OF FIRE and FLAMING DEBRIS MUSHROOM OUTWARD, catching all unawares, sweeping them up off their feet with a hurricane force. In the midst of the conflagration --

-- Blade briefly manages to tear free of his captors --

BLADE
WHISTLER!!!

-- but the wall of FIRE and LIGHT is rushing onward, sweeping up everything in its path, turning the world to white.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

FADE IN. We are CLOSE ON Blade's perspiration-beaded face. His eyelids flutter as he slowly regains consciousness.

CUMBERLAND (O.S.)
Rise and shine, sleepyhead.

PULL BACK. We are in a room with a one-way mirrored window. Blade sits, hands cuffed behind him, BRIGHT LIGHTS shining down on him. He looks disoriented, battered. Very weak.

Cumberland and Hale are sitting across from Blade.

BLADE
Who --?

CUMBERLAND
Special Agents Ray Cumberland and Wilson Hale, FBI. We've been tracking you for a long time.

BLADE
Whistler --

HALE
Dead. Just like all of your victims.

Blade shuts his eyes -- as if he could just wish them away.

CUMBERLAND
How many people have you killed? Thirty? Forty? A hundred?

BLADE
Those were familiars -- people who worked for them --

CUMBERLAND
And by "them" you mean vampires, right? I suppose next you'll be telling us that Bigfoot's in on the conspiracy too? So

what kills these bloodsuckers, tough guy?
Maybe you can give us some pointers.
(counting on his fingers)
You can stake 'em, right? Then there's
sunlight -- what about crosses, Wilson?
Do those still work?

HALE

I don't know, Ray. What if a vampire's
Jewish?

CUMBERLAND

That's a good point. And does garlic work
on a Hindu vampire? Or do you need
saffron or something?

Hale laughs. Cumberland shakes his head, his smile fading.

CUMBERLAND

You can keep doing your song and dance as
long as you want, Blade, but it's not
going to play. You're a stone-cold
killer. And you're sick as fuck.

VANCE (O.S.)

Let's leave the diagnosis to the
professionals.

ANGLE ON DR. EDGAR VANCE,

standing in the doorway. He's the man we saw on Larry King.
He takes a seat by Blade, sets a leather case on a table.

VANCE

Hello, Blade. My name is Doctor Vance.
I'm with the Department of Mental Health.
I've been charged with conducting a
psychiatric evaluation of you.
(to Cumberland and Hale)
Gentleman, would you mind giving us a few
moments alone?

Cumberland nods. They rise, exiting the room. Vance smiles,
trying to project a sympathetic air.

VANCE

I imagine this must be very frightening
for you. But I want you to know that I'm
here to help. In order to do that,
however, I need to ask you some questions.
(beat)
Now. Can you tell me what day it is?

Blade just stares daggers at Vance.

VANCE

What about the President? Do you know
who's in the White House at the moment?

BLADE

An ass-hole.

VANCE

(sighing)

Alright then, let's talk about vampires --
what can you tell me about that?

INT. POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

On the other side of the mirror, Cumberland and Hale have
joined Chief Vreede. We hear Blade and Vance via speakers:

BLADE

There's nothing to tell. They exist.

VANCE

And are you one of them?

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Vance sits forward, drawing closer.

VANCE

What about blood? When you drink it, do
you find yourself sexually aroused?

Blade just glares at Vance.

VANCE

You see, it strikes me that this business
of vampirism has strong connotations of
sexual confusion. Bodily fluids being
exchanged, that sort of thing. You have
to ask where that comes from. I'm
wondering, for instance, what your
relationship was like with your mother.
Were the two of you close?

Blade glares. If he escapes, he's going to kill this guy.

INT. POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Dr. Vance steps into the observation room, joining Chief Vreede, Cumberland, and Hale.

VREEDE

What's your assessment, Doctor?

VANCE

He's psychotic, with paranoid features, possessing dangerous levels of sociopathy. He's exhibiting disorganized behavior. He obviously doesn't have a properly formed conscience --

(spreading his hands)

For his safety and the public's, I'm recommending that he be transferred to County Psychiatric for further treatment.

CUMBERLAND

That's unacceptable. This man's wanted in connection with a laundry list of federal crimes. I need him on a plane to the Detention Center in Washington tonight.

VANCE

Agent Cumberland, that man is in no condition to undergo prosecution.

Cumberland and Hale look to Vreede with disbelief.

HALE

Chief, we've got a federal arrest warrant here that clearly supersedes --

VREEDE

I don't care about your warrant. We're in my jurisdiction now. You've got an issue with that, you take it up with the local magistrate.

Dr. Vance shrugs as if to say he's sorry.

VANCE

I'm sorry, gentlemen, but the call has already been made. A team from the hospital should be here momentarily to oversee the transfer.

INT. POLICE STATION - ENTRY WAY - NIGHT

Asher, Danica, and Grimwood enter, followed by FOUR VAMPIRES dressed as orderlies. The orderlies carry a straightjacket, various restraints, and a collapsible transport gurney.

Danica approaches the DESK SERGEANT, flashing a hospital ID.

DANICA

Hi. We're here to transfer a patient to County General?

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Vance enters once more. He opens the leather case on the table, removing a syringe and an ampule of fluid.

VANCE

(speaking softly now)

Just a little something to keep you compliant. The normal dose is two, maybe three hundred milligrams. But for a strapping young hybrid like yourself --

Vance pokes the needle of the syringe into the ampule.

VANCE

-- I think we'll kick it up to a couple thousand.

Vance reaches for Blade's arm. Blade struggles, tries to pull back, but Vance manages to inject him nonetheless.

VANCE

There. That wasn't so bad, was it?

(smiling)

You're weak, aren't you? In need of your serum. Who would've guessed a mere human like myself could overpower you?

BLADE

(realizing)

You're with them -- a familiar --

VANCE

Going on five years now.

Vance extends his arm, pulling back his shirt cuff a little to reveal a VAMPIRE GLYPH tattooed on the underside of his wrist. Then he pulls his cuff back down, smiles at Blade.

VANCE

It's the end-game, Blade. All their plans are finally coming to fruition. So just sit back and enjoy the show.

Blade looks to the one-way mirror, SCREAMS.

BLADE

He's one of them! Damn it, he's working for them!

Vance looks to the one-way mirror as well and shrugs as if to say -- "The man's deranged. What can I do?"

INT. POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

On the other side of the glass, Blade looks like a raging lunatic. Vance enters. He extends his hand to Vreede.

They shake. As they do so, we SEE a vampire GLYPH on the inside of Vreede's wrist as well. Another familiar.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Blade stares at his own reflection in the mirror. He blinks, trying to focus -- but the drug is starting to kick in.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

An elevator door opens. Asher, Danica, and Grimwood exit, followed by the orderlies who are now wheeling the gurney. As they move down the corridor, they pass --

-- Cumberland and Hale, who are chasing down Chief Vreede.

CUMBERLAND

Just hold it right there --

Danica shoves Cumberland aside, hard, keeps moving past him.

Cumberland looks to Hale. Something isn't right about this.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Blade struggles, in the full throes of the drug now.

BLADE'S POV

His vision is blurring, various objects in the room leaving trails as he shifts his head from side to side and --

ASHER, DANICA, AND GRIMWOOD

enter, followed by two of the orderlies. Despite his incapacitation, Blade attempts to rise. Danica plants her heel in his chest, shoving him back down.

DANICA

Easy, lover. You're not going anywhere.

She draws closer, enjoying herself.

DANICA

We moved the humans around like, pawns, Blade. Used them to flush you out.

Blade tries to LUNGE from his chair at her and -- WHACK! Grimwood punches Blade across the jaw. A brutal blow.

GRIMWOOD

Don't worry, Captain Sunshine. Soon as we get you out of here, you'll get a chance to play.

Danica motions to the two vampire orderlies. They step forward with the straight-jacket, start to put it on Blade. Blade THRASHES madly. Asher LAUGHS, enjoying this.

DANICA

Don't make this any harder than it has to be. You're all alone, Blade. No one can help you now.

BA-BOOM! The one-way mirror SHATTERS, exploding outward in a shower of SLOW-MOTION GLASS FRAGMENTS, carrying with it --

-- a BODY, one of the vampire mental health flunkies --

ASHING in mid-air as he sails into the room! Seconds later --

A MAN

VAULTS through the blown-out window, simultaneously drawing two high-tech electronic pistols.
Meet HANNIBAL KING (30s), an audacious vampire hunter with an irrepressible grin. Slapped to his chest is a "Hello, my name is" sticker with the words "FUCK YOU" written where the name should be.

KING
Why'd the Polish vampire starve to death?

Danica spins, enraged, recognizing King instantly --

KING
He kept biting his own lip.

DANICA
King!

The lights go out. Immediately, backup lights come on, followed by FIRE ALARMS. In the ensuing confusion ~ both pistols at Asher, who drops, allowing one of the vampire orderlies behind him to take the hit.

THE VAMPIRE ORDERLY ASHES

But unlike Blade's victims, he disintegrates from the inside out. (The reason is King's signature bullets -- SUN DOGS, explosive rounds that give off concentrated UV light.)

King whips around, FIRING at --

-- Danica, who LEAPS behind the table. She quickly upends it, using it as a shield, FLINGING it at King.

ON BLADE

He shifts his weight, throwing himself and the chair he's sitting on to the floor. Then he KICKS OUT AND UP --

-- connecting with Grimwood's mid-section, sending him FLYING BACKWARDS -- straight through the wall into the next room!

King holsters one of his pistols and hauls Blade up. At the same time, he FIRES on Asher again, missing him --

KING

Let's FLY, kemosabe!

King drags Blade to the door --

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

-- into the neighboring corridor. Cumberland and Hale SEE them. They reach for their weapons --

CUMBERLAND

He's getting away!

King FIRES into the room behind him, then pulls a GRENADE secured to a bandolier and tosses it through the doorway --

An EXPLOSION rocks the interrogation room, filling the corridor with smoke, knocking Cumberland and Hale back.

King turns his attention to Blade's handcuffs, FIRING between them, freeing Blade's hands. Blade collapses against the wall. He's shaking, close to passing out.

KING

Don't die on me, you undead motherfucker!

King drags Blade up. They continue down the corridor to --

ABIGAIL, THE FEMALE VAMPIRE HUNTER

we met earlier. She's engaged in hand-to-hand combat with a half-dozen UNIFORMED OFFICERS. Three of them are already down. In seconds, she finishes off the other three.

KING

Whistler! We need that serum NOW!

Whistler? Abigail spins, dispatching the last officer with a kick to the mid-section while tossing a PNEUMATIC INJECTOR at King. He snatches it, places it in Blade's hands.

Blade injects himself in the neck. Moments later, he's reenergized. He looks to King, clear-eyed.

KING

Hey Blacula, you ready to shake and bake?

Blade responds by PUNCHING King across the jaw.

BLADE

Call me that again and I'll give you
fucking brain damage.

King massages his jaw, tossing Blade a pistol even as --

-- Grimwood rounds the corner, hungry for blood, TWO MORE
VAMPIRE ORDERLIES behind him.

Blade FIRES round after round of EXPLOSIVE BULLETS, causing
Grimwood and the others to fall back. Blade and King move,
joining Abigail. MORE SMOKE, darkness, only the emergency
lights to illuminate the station.

UP AHEAD,

a group of POLICEMEN spill from a stairwell, armed with bullet
proof vests. They OPEN FIRE --

Blade, King, and Abigail retreat into an alcove. They're
pinned down between the vampires and a group of policemen.

KING

We're pinned down!
(to Blade)
Can't you do something?!

BLADE

I can't shoot around corners!

ABIGAIL

I can.

As King and Blade lay down COVER FIRE, Abigail reaches behind
her, withdrawing a device that's been secured there. She
gives it a SNAP and it springs open, taking the shape of a --

FUTURISTIC COMPOUND BOW

Crafted from aluminum, its limbs imbedded in key positions
with vibration-dampening modules, this bow is capable of
firing an arrow upwards of 300 feet-per-second.

Abigail withdraws a SILVER ARROW with a time-delay explosive
tip from her quiver, nocks it in her bow and takes aim at --

A FIRE EXTINGUISHER

mounted at the end of the corridor. She lets her arrow fly --

MOVING WITH THE ARROW

as it banks off the side of the fire extinguisher, continuing down the side corridor where it embeds itself in --

-- the shoulder of one of the vampires! The vampire SCREAMS, grabbing the shaft, ripping it out. Then we --

MACRO-ZOOM ON THE ARROW HEAD

A tiny "egg-timer" dial on the arrowhead spins. It CLICKS in place, a RED LED comes on, and --

-- the arrowhead EXPLODES, catching all three vampires with the full force of a UV BLAST. Grimwood ducks away from the blast as the other two vampires ASH --

BLADE, KING, AND ABIGAIL

come racing out of the alcove. They reach a stairwell. Blade RIPS a steel door clear off its hinges, tossing it down the stairwell at a phalanx of COP REINFORCEMENTS who are charging up the stairs. The cops go down like ten-pins.

Blade and company have an opening. But as they charge downward --

BLADE

(as King and Abigail freeze)

My sword. They still have it.

KING

(apoplectic)

Are you insane?! We're practically home free! We can't go hunting for your fucking butter-knife now!

But Blade is already heading back the way they came and --

KING

Hey! HEY!!! COME BACK HERE!!! This is supposed to be a rescue!

-- Abigail grabs King's shoulder, pulling him to the stairs.

ABIGAIL
Forget it, King. Let's move.

POLICE STATION - NIGHT

King and Abigail rush outside. The station is gated. FLASHING POLICE CARS are surging through the mouth of the gate. They're trapped. Then --

CRASH!

A window on the third floor of the station EXPLODES OUTWARD. Blade drops three stories, landing before King and Abigail in a cat-like crouch. With his sword in his hand. He looks at King, grins, flips him off.

BLADE
Now we can go.

KING
(nudging Abigail)
Is he epic or what?

The police close in around them, pinning the trio down with FIREPOWER. Yet King and Abigail seem unconcerned because --

HEADLIGHTS

are washing over them. A beefed-up, 70s Land Cruiser is SCREAMING up the street. The Cruiser jumps onto the sidewalk, SMASHES right through the gated wall. SCREECHES to a stop between our trio and the police cars.

A DRIVER (DEX)

leans out his window, gives a little wave as the rear doors pop open. Gruff and compact, he looks like a prize-fighter.

DEX
My name is Dex. And I'll be saving your
ass this evening.

Blade, King, and Abigail scramble into the back of the Land Cruiser. Dex reverses, backing out the way he came.

The police from the squad cars are FIRING, but the Land Cruiser is armored and the bullets harmlessly SPARK off.

INT. LAND CRUISER - NIGHT

In the backseat, Abigail looks through the rear windshield --

ABIGAIL'S POV

Grimwood is running after them, actually gaining on the Land Cruiser. Chewing up the asphalt like a cheetah.

EXT. LAND CRUISER - NIGHT

Abigail leans out the rear window, nocking a non-UV arrow in her bow. She takes aim at Grimwood, lets the arrow fly --

SHUNKT! The arrow sinks into Grimwood's eye. He goes down, his somersaulting figure quickly receding into the background as the Land Cruiser speeds away.

INT. LAND CRUISER - NIGHT

Safe for the moment, King basks in the adrenaline rush of a battle well fought. Meanwhile, Dex is on a cell phone.

DEX

We have him. We'll be there soon.

KING

(to Blade)

So my entrance back there -- what do you think? Too flashy? Right on the money?

King unhuckles his combat harness, revealing a bullet-proof vest bereath it that's been riddled with imbedded slugs.

BLADE

Who are you people?

KING

My name's Hannibal King. I'm a hunter, like you.

(re: Abigail)

And this little hellion is Abigail Whistler.

Abigail just stares back at Blade, silently appraising him.

KING

That's right, Blade. You're not hearing things. She's Whistler's daughter. You see, Abby, Dex, myself -- we're all part of Whistler's "contingency plan".

King reaches into an inner pocket, pulls out a pack of gum. He selects a stick, offers one to Blade.

KING

Juicyfruit?

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The Land Cruiser rockets away, disappearing into the night.

EXT. LUNA PARK - NIGHT

The Land Cruiser moves across an abandoned lot towards the weed-choked ruins of an old amusement park. We pass by the skeletal remains of a roller-coaster, a tilt-a-whirl, the vandalized and wood-rotted remnants of a carousel.

Finally, the Land Cruiser turns towards a motorized loading door in the side of a large warehouse and disappears inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE/GARAGE - NIGHT

As the door grinds closed, the Land Cruiser stops. King and Abigail lead Blade through the darkness. In the gloom we see a half-dozen vehicles in various stages of being retrofitted with armored panels and weaponry, etc. SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS mounted above track their progress.

BLADE

I thought the vampires murdered Whistler's family.

ABIGAIL

They did. I'm the product of an earlier fling of my Dad's, born out of wedlock. After the murders happened, he kept me hidden. He wanted me safe. Away from all of this --

(gesturing around them)

-- but I guess hunting just runs in our

blood.

As King and Abigail lead Blade towards a stairway, Blade catches sight of --

A LITTLE GIRL (5)

peering down at him from atop one of the rafters. As soon as he spots her, she ducks into the shadows.

They reach the stairway. AUTOMATED GUNS mounted on swivel arms lock on them with infra-red targeting beams.

ABIGAIL

When I came of age, I tracked my Dad down, told him I wanted in.

(beat, shrugging)

Been doing it ever since.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

We enter a sprawling industrial facility that is equal parts mechanics shop, firing range, and laboratory. We glimpse a virtual arsenal of new weaponry and medical equipment, including DNA sequencers, microfuges, and electroporators.

The new equipment fights for space alongside the old - mountains of mothballed parts from the park's broken thrill rides. Here and there we see the oversized fiberglass head of a grinning fun-house creature or the mildewed torso of a fortune-telling mannequin, frozen in its upended booth.

KING

Welcome to the honeycomb hideout.

BLADE

(looking around)

How do you bankroll this place?

KING

Internet porn. See, we're using cock suckers to pay for the blood-suckers.

(off Blade's look)

Joke. Come on, man. This isn't some piddly little hoopy-ass operation, Blade. We take our jobs very seriously.

UP AHEAD,

TWO OTHERS pause in their work as King approaches. Dex falls in behind them.

HEDGES (20s) is an engineer, always lost in his own world.

SOMMERFIELD (30s) is a frail-looking geneticist. She's also blind, operating her computers via a voice-synthesis program and Braille keyboard.

KING

You met Dex. This is Hedges, Sommerfield--

King gestures to them in turn. They're all refugees in one way or another, sharing a common guardedness, their lives having been shattered by the vampires.

KING

(nodding back)

The runt you saw earlier is Sommerfield's daughter, Zoe. We call ourselves the Nightstalkers.

BLADE

You sound like rejects from a Saturday morning cartoon.

KING

We were gonna call ourselves the Super Friends, but that was taken.

Abigail rids herself of her weapons -- bow, arrows, silver stakes and knives. She hands her compound bow to Hedges.

ABIGAIL

Tiller needs adjustment.

HEDGES

I'll run it through the bow press.

Blade examines some of the equipment being developed.

BLADE

How many of you are there total?

KING

Enough. We operate in sleeper cells. When one goes down, a new cell activates to pick up the slack. Consider us your reinforcements.

BLADE

Sorry. Never been much of a team player.

SOMMERFIELD

I don't think you understand, Blade.
Whistler meant for us to help you. When
he died, he activated an emergency
protocol. All his knowledge --

She gestures to the computer equipment around her.

SOMMERFIELD

--was transferred to our servers here.

BLADE

And what makes you think you know so much
about killing vampires?

King reaches for his collar, pulling it down to reveal a
telltale mass of scar tissue in the shape of a BITE MARK.

KING

Well for starters, I used to be one.
(in a sinister tone)
Do I pass the audition?

CUT TO:

EXT. PHOENIX TOWERS - NIGHT

We soar through the night sky, diving down towards a cluster
of gleaming, high-tech spires. As we isolate a penthouse
apartment atop one of them we hear an ANGRY SCREAM.

DANICA (O.S.)

Fucking Hannibal King!

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

An impressively decorated loft bespeaking of money, power, and
a certain perverse esthetic. Danica slams her fist straight
through the wall, then spins around, enraged.

Asher and Grimwood are there too, their wounds being treated
by Hendrix and a VAMPIRE TECHNICIAN. At the moment, they're
trying to remove the arrow protruding from Grimwood's eye.

An enormous ROTTWEILER sits nearby, attentively watching. A TRIO OF GUARDS flinch with every act of violence. Danica is strong. Clearly, no one wants to get in her way.

DANICA

I should've ripped his ripped his
bleeding heart out when I had the chance!
(pointing at Asher)
And don't you dare tell me "I told you
so"!

Asher raises his hands as if to say "no harm, no foul". Danica continues her tantrum, SMASHING a statue apart, SHATTERING a heavy glass tabletop. Finally, she gives it a rest, collapsing into a chair, shoulders sagging.

ASHER

You through remodeling?

DANICA

Blow me.

ASHER

Face it, Dan. We got caught with our
pants down. We underestimated the
Nightstalkers.

GRIMWOOD

Pants down?! They practically fucking
ass-raped us!

Grimwood GRUNTS in pain as the arrow is removed. Asher broaches a more serious subject.

ASHER

Has he been told yet?

VOICE (O.S.)

About your failure?

A MAN (30s) enters the room. The same being we glimpsed in the vault. He has a haunting gaze and a commanding presence. We will learn who he is momentarily. But for now, it's enough to know that everyone in the room pays him deference.

MAN

Yes, I've been told.

He places a hand on Danica's shoulder. She tenses.

MAN
Perhaps it's time I entered the fray.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON King buttoning his collar back up. Blade, Abigail, and Sommerfield are gathered around him.

KING
You know the kind of woman that just screams trouble? You see her and every warning bell in your brain starts going off but you still ask for her number? Well that's all I ever hook up with. But this betty blew 'em all away in the shitstorm sweepstakes.

King reaches out to a keyboard, calling up a piece of surveillance footage on a nearby monitor. The footage features Asher and Danica and Grimwood. It's been slowed to a near standstill and now advances frame by frame.

KING
Her name's Danica Talos. You met her earlier. The man on her left is Asher, her brother.

King types a command. The image ZOOMS IN, tracking Grimwood.

KING
The neanderthal behind them is Jarko Grimwood.

King freezes the footage on Danica's grainy, pixelated face.

KING
I picked Danica up in a bar, had a one night stand with her -- then spent the next five years playing step-and-fetch-it as her little vampire cabana boy.
(beat)
Eventually Abigail found me. Sommerfield here managed to treat me with a cure. Now I kill them.
(beat)
That's called turning a frown upside down.

ABIGAIL

We need to pool our resources, Blade.

BLADE

Why?

ABIGAIL

Because He's come back.

King tosses a TOMB OF DRACULA comic book over to Blade. Blade glances at the cover, then looks at them, incredulous.

BLADE

You gotta be kidding me.

KING

He's real, Blade. Dig beneath all the movies and myths. All the layers of bullshit that've cluttered our culture for the last five hundred years and eventually you'll strike the truth.

BLADE

(incredulous)

So the movies are true?

KING

(shaking his head)

The movies are just a comforting fairytale compared to the real deal. There's no happy ending with this guy. Peter Cushing isn't going to run in at the last second and save the day with a cross and some holy water.

(re: the comicbook)

See, good old Brain Stoker, he wrote a nice yarn. But the events he described in 1897 were only a tiny piece of the mosaic. The real Dracula's origin goes back much earlier than that.

BLADE

How early?

ABIGAIL

Try six or seven thousand years.

Off Blade's astonished look we --

CUT TO:

EXT. MESOPOTAMIA - NIGHT

FLASH! We see the man we met earlier (DRACULA/DRAKE) on the banks of the river Euphrates, striding towards us, engaged in fierce battle with UBAIDIAN SOLDIERS. He's clutching the same sword we saw in the ziggurat, clad in the same armor.

KING (V.0.)
Dracula's only one of the names he's gone by. Now they call him Drake. If you believe the legends, he was born in ancient Sumeria.

As Drake SLASHES his sword downward we CUT BACK TO --

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

-- King continuing his story. As the hunter's monologue progresses we will INTERCUT with Drake's own progression through history. Brief, violent FLASHBACKS.

(NOTE: The backgrounds surrounding Drake will be expressionistic, digital composites, constantly shifting. The focus of the flashes is Drake himself, fighting a shadowy horde, his attire continually evolving through time.)

KING
Nobody really knows the specifics of his origin. But we do know this: he was the first of his kind. The patriarch of the hominus nocturna.

EXT. EGYPTIAN DESERT - NIGHT

FLASH! We are in Egypt now, circa 1650 BC. Drake wages war against the HYKSOS. He is closer to the camera. And will continue to move closer with each successive flashback.

KING (V.0.)
Every single vampire -- every single monster that's walked the earth since then -- owes their existence to Him.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Back to King, holding court before Blade and Abigail.

KING

He's like the Patient Zero of evil. The original Serpent in the Garden of Eden. And just like the Great White shark, he's never had to evolve. This guy was born perfect. Scour the history books --

EXT. THRACE - NIGHT

FLASH! The Peloponnesian War, Southern Thrace, circa 405 BC. We see Dracula battling ATHENIANS. Even closer now, his face spattered with blood. At the same time, the SOUNDTRACK is gradually swelling, expanding in complexity and volume.

KING (V.0.)

-- read between the lines --

EXT. HUNGARIA - NIGHT

FLASH! 5th century AD, battling the GOTHs. With every swipe of his sword, we WIPE FORWARD into the future.

KING (V.0.)

-- you'll find countless references to Him. Always mentioned, never named.

EXT. EUROPE - NIGHT

FLASH! 8th century AD, the reign of Charlemagne. Battling the VIKINGS. The FLASHBACKS come faster now, assaulting us with ever-increasing rapidity.

Drake continues striding forward while the rest of the world evolves around him, centuries whizzing by via computer generated time-lapse photography.

KING (V.0.)

He's been there --

EXT. VARIOUS - NIGHT

FLASH! 12th century AD, the time of the Crusades. The violence intensifies.

KING (V.0.)

-- moving behind the scenes --

FLASH! 17th century France, the time of Louis the XIV. The

pace becomes breathless.

KING (V.O.)
-- cutting a bloody path through the Ages
until suddenly --

FLASH! 18th century Russia, the time of Peter the Great. The soundtrack is THUNDEROUS. Drake has become a bloody blur of bestial rage and unfettered horror and --

KING (V.O.)
-- just like that --

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

-- King SNAPS his fingers. We are back in the present.

KING
-- he up and disappeared. About a century ago the trail went cold. Then we heard a rumor. The vampires were searching for him -- trying to find the place where he'd retreated. According to our information, they found him in Iraq about six months ago.
(beat)
And he was pissed.

EXT. DOWNTOWN COMMERCIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

Grime. Neon. Near-silence as the cacophonous soundtrack recedes into the background, replaced by the steady drone of inner-city TRAFFIC.

ON DRAKE,

viewed through a long-lens, clad in modern, casual attire, striding in SLOW-MOTION down a PEDESTRIAN-CHOKED sidewalk.

Slower. A HEARTBEAT. The pulse of the people. And over this, intruding, the Doppler effect WAILING of an approaching car as it rushes past us in a SCREEN WIPE until we are --

OUTSIDE A GOTH STORE

Drake studies a window display. Halloween merchandise. Costumes and monster masks and -- VAMPIRE NOVELTIES. We see vampire lunchboxes, Dracula plush dolls, plastic fangs, key chains. Even Dracula bobbleheads.

Drake stands in stark contrast to the mass-marketed caricature on display before him.

INT. GOTH STORE - NIGHT

Drake enters. The store is crowded with low-end junky goods that might appeal to tourists visiting Hollywood Boulevard.

A pallid, Goth-guy CASHIER sits behind a counter, eating from a takeout container. He's wafer thin, with a detached attitude. A snot. Further back is a sultry GOTH VIXEN.

Behind them, on a TV, a cartoon is playing. An animated vampire cavorts -- "LITTLE BIT" (like the Hot Stuff devil from Ritchie Rich comicbooks)

DRAKE

In the window -- you sell vampire merchandise?

Goth Guy looks up, wiping his mouth with a napkin. Doesn't want to engage with Drake at all.

GOTH GUY

Uh, yeah -- look around, we might have a few things.

He and the Goth Vixen have a snicker at Drake's expense. Then she tries to be a little more helpful.

GOTH VIXEN

We've got Dracula lunchboxes. Did you see those? And there're bobbleheads, Pez dispensers. We've got just about anything --
(selecting a vampire-shaped vibrator, playful)
-- even vampire vibrators.

As Drake looks around, what he sees matches his ascending rage. Costumes, candles, vampire Christmas ornaments. Posters from different films -- Nosferatu, Lugosi, Lee -- then Love at First Bite and The Little Vampire.

GOTH VIXEN

Here, check this out --

She reaches into a case, pulling out a soft-drink. The label

reads: "DRA-COLA" and has a stylized vampire on it.

GOTH VIXEN

"Dracula". Makes you want to cry,
doesn't it?

Drake just stares at the can. His mind seems to have
retreated elsewhere. Back through the ages.

GOTH VIXEN

Was there something special you needed?

Drake doesn't respond. A kind of melancholy has settled over
him. He's an outsider now. The world has moved on.

GOTH-GUY

Hey, guy, she's talking to you.

Drake looks up as Goth Guy pours a bowl of Count Chocula.

EXT. GOTH STORE - NIGHT

CRASH! Goth Guy comes flying through the display window, his
trajectory taking his body clear across the street and into
the display window of the store opposite us.

INT. GOTH STORE - NIGHT

Goth Vixen SCREAMS. Drake LASHES out. hauling her over the
counter. He sinks his teeth into her throat, drinking her
blood with wild abandon. He consumes it so quickly that his
skin flushes BRIGHT RED.

Then Drake tears his head away, lifting his face upward as he
flings the girl aside, unleashing an ear-splitting ROAR. And
for a brief moment, the bones of his face seem to shift, once
again hinting at another shape Drake might take.

EXT. THE CITY - VARIOUS

DRAKE's ROAR echoes through the canyons of downtown.

CUT TO:

EXT. LUNA PARK - NIGHT/DAY

Time-lapse. The sun rises over the decrepit amusement park.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - ARMORY - DAWN
Sunlight slices down through skylights, bathing Blade, King, Abigail, and Sommerfield in its warmth. Zoe has joined them. She's still cautious and shy, but she's also curious.

BLADE

Why wake up Drake now?

ABIGAIL

That's what we've been trying to figure out.

KING

When I was under the fang there used to be talk about some kind of vampire 'Final Solution'. But I could never figure out why they'd want to destroy their food source. I mean, seems stupid, right? They've always had plans for the human race. Seems likely that whatever they're cooking up, Drake's return is a part of it.

Blade nods, pensive.

KING (CONT'D)

Let's face it, Blade -- we're fighting a losing battle. So we kill a few hundred of them a year. Big deal. There are thousands of them out there. Maybe tens of th'ousands. We need a new tactic.

BLADE

Like what?

SOMMERFIELD

A biological weapon.

Sommerfield moves to her Braille keyboard, types.

ON A NEARBY MONITOR

we SEE a real-time magnified view of a virus replicating.

SOMMERFIELD (CONT' D)

For the last year I've been~working with synthesized DNA in order to create an

artificial virus targeted specifically at
vampires. We're calling it DayStar.

KING

Think about it, Blade. We could wipe
them all out in a single move.

BLADE

So what's been holding you back?

SOMMERFIELD

(sighing)

We've tried it on a number of captive
subjects. We've got the disease vector
worked out fine -- it's easily
transmittable. But the lethality in
vampires is still spotty.

ABIGAIL

Bottom line is, we need a better DNA
sample to work with.

(beat)

We need Dracula's blood.

SOMMERFIELD

Vampire DNA is a hodge-podge of different
genes, mixed in with all sorts of useless
junk DNA. Because Dracula's the
progenitor of the vampire race, his DNA is
still pure. It hasn't been diluted by a
hundred generations of selective mutation.
It still has all the necessary cellular
compounds for the virus to code to. We
get his blood, we can boost Daystar's
viral efficacy to a hundred percent.

KING

So. You want to join our club? Can we
sign you up for a Nightstalkers secret
decoder ring?

CUT TO:

EXT. PHOENIX TOWERS - DAY

Establishing. The Sun at it's zenith

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - DRAKE'S QUARTERS - DAY

A darkened room, relatively austere. The only source of light
are a series of small, slitted skylights in the ceiling above.

From these skylights, narrow, blinding white shafts of sunlight knife downward to penetrate the gloom.

DRAKE

sits in a chair, his body partially illuminated by one of the sunlight shafts, his face turned upward into its brilliance.

FOOTSTEPS. Drake opens his eyes, SEES Danica hovering in the darkness, just on the edge of a shaft of light.

DRAKE

This world sickens me. The humans have soiled it with their filth.

DANICA

We can raze their cities to the ground.
We can bring the old world back.

Drake just stares at her, not convinced.

DRAKE

Come closer.

DANICA

(re: light)
I can't.

DRAKE

And do you know why?
(off Danica's silence)
Once, all of my kind could brave the day.
We were true predators. The world was ours. And then, somewhere along the way, the purity of our bloodline became diluted. Polluted with human DNA.

DANICA

That's impossible --

DRAKE

Is it?

Drake stands, drawing close to Danica. He grips her wrist --

DRAKE

You are bastard children. No longer as pure as you pride yourselves on being.

-- and pulls her hand towards one of the sunlight shafts. To her credit, Danica keeps staring at Drake. She'll be damned if she will give him the satisfaction of seeing her break.

Drake pulls her hand closer to the light -- to the very edge. And the tips of Danica's fingers begin to burn. She winces, clearly in agony --

-- and Drake releases her hand. She cradles it against her chest, blinking away tears that have welled up in her eyes.

DRAKE
My people. How far you have fallen.

Drake reaches out, brushes a tear from Danica's cheek, then turns and walks away -- through the alternating shafts of sunlight and darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - ARMORY - DAY

Blade, King, and Abigail stand before a table where an assortment of weaponry and ammunition has been laid out on display. Hedges is there too, assisting them. Zoe watches.

HEDGES
We've got a wide assortment of ass-kickery for your viewing pleasure --
(hefting a pistol)
Electronic pistol. Comes with a built-in fingerprint security system. Fires a three-shot burst in 1/500th of a second. Bullets can also be triggered remotely.

King tosses Blade a bullet. He studies it -- it's more complex than a standard round.

BLADE
Explosive rounds?

KING
But with a concentrated burst of UV light instead of your standard hollow-points. I call 'em sun dogs.
(to Hedges)
Hedges -- super-size me, baby!

Hedges tosses King one of the four-barreled firearms. On the

stock is an irreverent decal of the mud-flap girl silhouette.

KING

This little mamacita -- a modified version of the Army's Objective Individual Combat Weapon. Pick your poison -- stakes, sun dogs, heat-seeking mini-rockets. Whatever gets you hard, this puppy will pump out.

(gesturing to Blade's sword, sarcastic)

Of course it doesn't have the range of a sword but --

Next, Hedges shows Blade the CRESCENT-SHAPED DEVICE that Abigail used. He gives the device a twist and --

HEDGES

We call this the UV arc --

CHINKT! The device extends from either end, telescoping outward. Connecting the tips is a concentrated UV LASER.

HEDGES

You hold the arc in the center, curved away from you. Connecting the tips is a powerful UV laser beam. Because of its high focus, the laser cuts through vampire flesh like a knife through butter.

KING

We're still trying to sort out fact from fiction when it comes to Dracula. Turning into mist? Kinda doubt it. But general shape-shifting? Maybe.

HEDGES

(off Blade's look)

Not into a bat or a wolf or anything like that. But another human, someone with the same approximate body mass -- given enough practice it might be possible.

BLADE

How?

HEDGES

He wouldn't have a traditional skeletal structure. Probably something more like a snake, with thousands of tiny bones in the place of a normal array. Commensurate with this would be an exquisite control of electrical potential across his tissues,

resulting in an ability to effectively
change shape at will --

KING
(raising his hand)
Question. Have you ever been laid,
Hedges?

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE/GARAGE - DAY

Blade, King, and Abigail, newly suited up for war, moving
towards the Land Cruiser.

BLADE
Time to apply some pressure. The weak
link in the vampire chain of command has
always been their familiars. Vampires
can't go out in the day, so they get
humans to do their dirty work for them
Blood-running, safe house maintenance,
whatever --
(climbing in the Cruiser)
We bleed the wanna-be vampires, they'll
lead us to the real thing.

Blade starts the ENGINE.

INT. LAND CRUISER - DAY

Blade looks to Abigail, who sits in the back. She has a
laptop on her knees and is assembling an MP3 playlist.

KING
She's making playlists. Likes to listen
to MP3s when she hunts. Her own internal
soundtrack, you know? Dark-core, trip
hop, whatever kids these days are
listening to. Me? I'm more of a Kenny G
fan.

Finished, Abigail slips her earbuds into her ears, turns on
her portable MP3 player. MUSIC CUE. The smoking bassline of
Jurassic 5's 'A Day At The Races' kicks in as --

EXT. CITY STREETS - VARIOUS - DAY

-- Blade, King, and Abigail cruise the streets in a jagged
fast-forward montage.

EXT. SEEDY BAR - DAY

The Land Cruiser jumps the curb, SCREECHING to a stop in front of a scuzzy bar. Amidst a wall covered with graffiti and flyers we see a vampire glyph.

INT. SEEDY BAR - DAY

BANG! Blade KICKS open the door. A couple of LOW-LIFES take notice. Blade moves around the bar, opening a refrigerator - we see packs of REFRIGERATED BLOOD inside.

One of the low-lives takes off running, back past the bathroom, shouldering a door at the rear --

EXT. SEEDY BAR - REAR ENTRANCE - DAY

-- STUMBLING right into Abigail's arms. She trips him up, swinging him around, pinning an arm behind him. She pulls the back of his collar down, sees a VAMPIRE GLYPH --

We can't hear what the familiar is saying, but he's squealing, raising his hands in a "please don't hit me anymore" manner.

EXT. CITY STREETS - VARIOUS - DAY

The Land Cruiser rockets down the streets.

EXT. VAMPIRE SAFE HOUSES - VARIOUS - DAY

In quick succession we see a half-dozen underworld dives --

-- a pool hall --

-- an internet cafe --

-- an electronics repair shop --

All are fronts for vampire operations, featuring back rooms with refrigerated blood and high-tech coffin-like beds where the vampires can safely sleep through the day unmolested.

In each new location, Blade, King, and Abigail resort to old-fashioned strong-arm tactics:

-- Blade HEAD-BUTTS a familiar.

-- King PUNCHES a familiar across the jaw.

-- Abigail KICKS a familiar in the stomach.

Cut to a flurry of EXTREME CLOSE-UPS of VAMPIRE GLYPHS being exposed on the backs of familiar's necks, one after another --

THEN A MONTAGE OF FACES

as familiars have their heads cainfully SMASHED against --

-- walls --

-- car hoods --

-- pool tables --

-- into windows and doors and garbage cans.

The bullying moves come faster, the shots becoming more and

more abstract until --

EXT. CITY ROOFTOP - DAY

-- WHAM! Blade tosses HOOP, a skinny familiar, off a roof. It's a four story drop. Hoop falls, SCREAMING -- but then jerks to a stop about twenty feet down, dangling upside down.

We see now that Hoop has rope tied around one of Hoop's ankles. And Blade is clutching the other end of the rope.

Blade hauls Hoop back up -- but still keeps him dangling upside down. King and Abigail look on.

BLADE

Want another spin, ass-hole? Eventually,
your head's gonna pop off.

HOOP

Shit! Oh Jesus, please, please --

BLADE
Who's your handler?

HOOP
I don't know his name, I swear I --

Blade prepares to drop Hoop again --

-- but a CELL PHONE in Hoop's jacket RINGS. Blade fishes it out. The screen reads: EDGAR VANCE, 555-5631.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Dr. Vance, the psychiatrist who gave Blade the mental evaluation, is cruising in his Pacific Blue XKB convertible Jaguar. He's wearing sunglasses, talking on his cell phone.

VANCE
This is Dr. Vance. Did someone page me?

EXT. CITY ROOFTOP - DAY

Blade ends the call, then looks to Hoop, smiling cruelly.

Blade lets Hoop drop. The familiar PLUNGES four stories, SCREAMING. Lands dead-center in a Goodwill box below.

CUT TO:

EXT. VANCE INSTITUTE FOR WHOLE BEING - DAY

A high-tech office complex surrounded by meticulously-groomed grounds. A sign with a swanky "VANCE INSTITUTE" logo zooms.

Blade, King, and Abigail approach, taking note of Vance's Jaguar (complete with vanity plate), parked in front.

KING
Hey, Blade -- why didn't the vampire bite Mick Jagger?
(off Blade's look)
Cause you can't get blood from a Stone.

As Blade walks off --

KING (CONT'D)
Hey, they can't all be gems!

INT. VANCE INSTITUTE FOR WHOLE BEING - LOBBY - DAY

The trio enter, drawing stares from a number of PATIENTS gathered in a reception area. Nearby is a large display with Vance's grinning face. Beneath it, text reads:

EDGAR VANCE, M.D.

PRESIDENT, VANCE INSTITUTE FOR WHOLE BEING

Nearby is a bank of monitors showing a snazzy video featuring a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG COUPLE marvelling at a sunrise.

NARRATOR
(on monitors)
Regain control of your life. Wake to a new dawn. At the Vance Institute for Whole Being we believe in an integrated approach to human health.

The image cuts to Vance himself, poised on the edge of his desk, smiling. As Blade and company move through the institute, the video plays counterpoint to their progress.

VANCE
I'm Dr. Vance. Welcome to our facility. As a member of the medical profession I want to assure you that I will do everything in my power to provide you with the care and compassion that you deserve.

Past the RECEPTION DESK are the elevators with more monitors showing the video greeting. As Blade, King, and Abigail approach, TWO SECURITY GUARDS move to intercept them.

SECURITY GUARD
Excuse me, can I help y--

CRACK! Blade effortlessly tosses the guards aside, sending them CRASHING into the nearest monitors.

INT. VANCE INSTITUTE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The trio continue. A DOCTOR steps out of a doorway. King PUNCHES him in the face. We see another video monitor.

VANCE

What does it mean to be human? Since the dawn of creation our ancestors have asked ourselves that question.

They round the corner --

INT. VANCE INSTITUTE - SECOND HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

-- nearly colliding with TWO MORE SECURITY GUARDS. Blade takes them both out. There's another video monitor.

VANCE

The modern world today is filled with countless challenges. In every direction we look, toxic stressors are impacting upon our happiness. We think we're healthy, but the truth is, our immune systems are engaged in a life or death struggle to maintain our well being.

INT. VANCE INSTITUTE - OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Blade, King, and Abigail storm in. An EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT is moving to stop them.

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT

I'm sorry but you can't --

Abigail KICKS out the man's knee, then slices her hand into his windpipe, silencing him.

VANCE

Now, I'd like to take a moment to explain how a series of remarkable new breakthroughs can immeasurably improve the quality of your life

Blade aims his shotgun at the door leading to Vance's office. He FIRES at the keycard lock, KICKS down the door --

INT. VANCE INSTITUTE - VANCE'S OFFICE - DAY

-- startling Dr. Vance himself, who is rising up from behind his desk. Vance is wiping his mouth, not dressed like a doctor would normally be. But we hardly notice this as --

VANCE

What --?

BLADE

Payback, Vance.

-- Blade aims his shotgun at Vance's head. Vance just smiles, seemingly unconcerned as --

-- Abigail circles around the other side, getting a view behind Vance's desk where --

VANCE'S BODY

lies on the floor. His throat has been ripped out. And this body is dressed like a doctor.

King puts it together first, reaching for a silver stake even as we hear the sound of POPPING CARTILAGE coming from beneath the Vance double's flesh --

KING

Jesus, it's him! It's Drake!

The Vance double jumps atop the desk and swats the muzzle of Blade's shotgun aside, re-directing the BLAST, which SHATTERS a glass window. Then he KICKS Blade in the chest, KNOCKING him clear across the office as --

-- King advances. The Vance double's face WARPS, the bones in his head shifting around. He reaches for King, SLAMS him onto the desk, TWISTS the stake from King's hand and brutally SHOVING it into King's rib cage, pinning him to the desk top.

Then the Vance double whirls around to engage Abigail -- only we see that it's Drake now, having taken Vance's shape.

DRAKE

BACK-HANDS Abigail across the face, a teeth-jarring blow.

She spins, falling --

-- and Drake is moving like a hurricane, LEAPING through the window that was shattered by Blade's shotgun blast.

BLADE

gives chase. He looks out the window, SEES Drake landing on the ground, some three stories below.

EXT. VANCE INSTITUTE - REAR ENTRANCE - ALLEY - DAY

Drake runs with inhuman speed. He effortlessly scales a chain link fence, then BARRELS straight through a wooden barricade, sailing over a trash dumpster. Seconds later, Blade follows, catching sight of Drake rushing out into --

EXT. STREET MARKET - VARIOUS - DAY

-- a crowded urban market. What unfolds is a foot-chase at super-human velocity. Vampire and hunter are moving at least twenty miles an hour, BATTERING ASIDE various pedestrians, SMASHING through and over stalls of merchandise.

EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

Drake emerges onto the sidewalk of a busy street, four lanes of rush-hour traffic WHIZZING PAST.

Abruptly, Drake cuts into the traffic, LEAPING atop the hood of an oncoming car. The car's HORN sounds, brakes SQUEAL.

BLADE FOLLOWS,
jumping onto the hood of another car. More
HORNS sound.

In this manner. Drake and Blade race across the flowing traffic itself. using the hoods and roofs of the cars like moving stepping stones.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET

Drake mounts the steps of an older apartment building, THUNDERS his way through the main entrance --

INT. OLDER BUILDING - STAIRWELL/CORRIDOR - DAY

Blade is on Drake like a shadow. We're internal now, the sound of Blade's LABORED BREATH moving to the foreground of the soundscape.

Chaos. A BARKING DOG darting from a doorway. Up ahead, an OLD MAN has been knocked over. An insane dash up two flights

of stairs, then down a corridor, passing MORE TENANTS.
Somewhere, a WOMAN SCREAMS. We hear GLASS BREAKING and --

WOMAN

My baby

-- there's another open door --

INT. OLDER BUILDING - APARTMENT - DAY

-- Blade tears into an apartment, passing a HYSTERICAL WOMAN,
an upended crib. He SEES a broken window by a fire escape --

EXT. OLDER BUILDING - FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

Cut onto the fire escape. A glimpse of Drake overhead.

Blade clammers up the fire escape, moving in a near-blur. One
story of steps up the rickety metal ladder --

SMASH! A LARGE PLANTER comes down from above, nearly striking
Blade. He lets go with one hand, swings outward --

-- then he's climbing again. A CLOUD OF PIGEONS take wing,
flapping frenetically about him, momentarily blinding him.

Another story, a third, a fourth. As he reaches the top,
Blade jumps, catching the edge of the roof above him --

EXT. OLDER BUILDING - ROOFTOP - DAY

-- FLIPPING himself over and onto the roof. He lands in a cat
stance, drawing his sword, quickly scanning the area.

DRAKE (O.S.)

So you're the hunter they all fear.

Blade spins --

DRAKE

stands on the ledge of the roof, cradling an INFANT in his
arms. In the full glare of the afternoon sun.

DRAKE

(re: infant)
Just so we understand each other,
Daywalker.

With his free hand, he massages his jaw. We hear a few more
Pieces of POPPING CARTKAGE as the very last of Drake's
cermanent features seem to settee into clace.

BLADE
Why did you kill Vance?

DRAKE
He'd outlived his purpose. He'd become a
liability.

Drake nods at Blade's sword --

DRAKE
Your sword -- I've seen that hilt before.
Eight or nine centuries ago. The hunter
who carried it was an accomplished
fighter.

EXT. SEASIDE CLIFF - DAY (THE PAST)

Drake in his armor, head to head with a 14th century VAMPIRE
HUNTER. The hunter has BLADE'S SWORD. Drake tears the sword
from the hunter's grasp, turns it around, thrusts it back
through the man's chest. And as the man GASPS we are --

EXT. OLDER BUILDING - ROOFTOP - DAY (THE PRESENT)

-- back to here and now.

DRAKE
He was honorable, in his own way. He
died a good death.

BLADE
I wouldn't know about that.

DRAKE
You lie. You're part of a grand
tradition, Blade. You hunters have
plagued my people since the day we first
walked the earth. And I have vanquished
them. One by one.

Blade pauses, looking for some kind of opening.

BLADE

How can you exist in the daylight?

DRAKE

I've always been able to. Haven't you read Mr. Stoker's fable? I was the first of the vampires. I am unique.

BLADE

(realizing)

That's why they brought you back.

DRAKE

Yes. My children seek to isolate the properties in my blood that make me immune to sunlight. Through me, they believe they can all become Daywalkers.

Drake glances down at the street people. Throngs of PEOPLE are massing there, pointing up at him.

DRAKE

The world's changed much since I went to sleep. How crowded it's become. Look at them down there. Lives brief as fireflies. Do you think they can ever grasp what it means to be immortal like us?

BLADE

You're not immortal. I must've heard a hundred of you people make the same claim. And every one of them's seen the end of my sword.

Drake smiles, intrigued by an obviously worthy opponent.

DRAKE

Perhaps I will as well, then. But I think it's more likely that you will fall before mine.

(beat)

Catch.

Drake tosses the infant at Blade. Blade twists around to catch it, scooping it safely up. But when he looks back --

-- Drake is gone.

KING (O.S.)

Shit!

INT. VANCE INSTITUTE - VANCE'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON King being propped up against the wall by Abigail. Blade has joined them. King is in terrible pain.

KING

Jesus, it hurts. I wanna be a vampire again -- fuck! Did you see that guy?! We're gonna lose, man. We're gonna fucking lose.

Abigail ignores King, cuts open his shirt. She removes a small aerosol cannister from her belt.

BLADE

What's that?

ABIGAIL

Fibrin sealant foam, it's an elastic protein. Help me spread the wound open. The foam should seal the hemorrhaging in his body cavity from within --

Together they spread the wound apart. King is really hurting, breathing hard as he tries to fight back the pain.

KING

Hey, hey -- what'd the one lesbian vampire say to the other?

ABIGAIL

Shut up, King.

KING

-- see you in twenty-eight days --

King's voice trails off as he passes out. Abigail triggers the dispenser, spraying a jet of compressed foam into it. The foam condenses, sealing the wound up.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Blade and Abigail enter the HQ, hauling King between them. Dex and Hedges rush to meet them, relieving them of King.

Exhausted and covered in blood, Abigail retires to her quarters, stripping off her clothes.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS' HEADQUARTERS - SHOWERS - DAY

Abigail stands beneath (he showerhead, turning her face up into the scalding spray, rinsing the blood from her body.

CLOSE ON the drain by her feet, BLOOD swirling down it.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - INFIRMARY - DAY

King drowns on a cot. His shirt is off and his chest has been bandaged. He opens his eyes, SEES Blade above him.

KING

Hey, Blade -- say we're successful. Say we wipe the vampires out. What happens then? You ever ask yourself that?

(weakly)

Somehow I don't picture you parked on a porch with a jigsaw puzzle.

King drifts back into unconsciousness again, leaving Blade left to ponder his words.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - LABORATORY AREA - DAY

Later, Sommerfield and Hedges consult with Blade and Abigail.

HEDGES

So basically we're in an arms race. They're using Drake's DNA to build themselves a better vampire --

BLADE

(noddin)

-- and we need his blood to kill them.

(to Sommerfield)

How's this weapon of yours coming along?

SODDERFIELD

We're almost there --

She gestures to a series of ampule-like prototypes. (We'll see the completed version of this device later on.)

SOMMERFIELD

The virus is harmless to humans. So we decided to go after the vampires' food source. The one thing we know for sure about vampires is that they have to drink blood.

If we manage to pull this off, we'll be able to contaminate every blood source on the planet. They won't have anyone left to feed on.

ABIGAIL

Doesn't do us any good if we don't have time to finish it. We can't just sit here. We need to take the battle to them.

Sommerfield lowers her head, thinking.

SOMMERFIELD

If the vampires are trying to isolate the hereditary factor in Drake that makes him immune to sunlight, they'll require certain kinds of laboratory equipment and provisions. For instance, there's an enzyme called Taq Polymerase. And there are only a limited number of suppliers.

(beat)

Give me a few hours. I'll see if I can't hunt us up some leads.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHOENIX TOWERS - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Moving towards the mirrored windows we hear LABORED BREATHING.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - DRAKE'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON hands clasped together -- a man and a woman's.

CLOSE ON Danica's face, covered in sweat, in the throes of passion. She looks up, eyes glazed --

PULL BACK to reveal Drake, propped above her, thrusting away. Danica has her limbs wrapped around Drake, holding on for dear life. Both are awash in moonlight.

The two of them climax. Drake withdraws, studying Danica. She's naked but for the tiny silver crucifix she wears around her neck. Drake nudges the crucifix with his finger.

DRAKE
Why do you wear that -- symbol?

DANICA
(defensive)
Old habits --

She sits up, draping a sheet over her.

DANICA
I was a good Catholic school girl Once.

Drake nods, his thoughts distant.

DRAKE
I was there when they crucified him. He
died -- for their sins, not mine.

DANICA
(playfully)
And what are your sins? Would you care
to confess them?

DRAKE
(shaking his head)
Too numerous to remember.
(nodding at the crucifix)
Take it off.

DANICA
Why?

DRAKE
I'll make you a better one.

Drake draws her in, biting her gently on the neck, sinking his fangs into her flesh. He pulls his head back. Two rivulets of BLOOD trickle from the fresh wounds.

DRAKE
There's an old saying --

Drake reaches for the sheet, pulling it away from Danica's chest. Then he dips his fingertips into her flowing blood - PAINTING a long streak of it down between her breasts.

DRAKE
Kill one man, you're a murderer. Kill a
million, a king.

(smiling)
Kill them all, a God.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - STORAGE AREA - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a pneumatic injector. PULL BACK to reveal Blade injecting himself with his serum. No pain. No violent spasms like before. Blade's body now accepts the serum.

ANGLE ON ZOE,

crouched on an old piece of carny equipment, watching him.

ZOE
Why do you do that?

BLADE
There's something bad inside of me. This keeps it from getting out.

Zoe considers this.

ZOE
Why can't you just be nice?

BLADE
Good question.

SOMMERFIELD (O.S.)
I think I've got a lead.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - LABORATORY AREA - NIGHT

Sommerfield stands at her computers, reading a tactile Braille display. Blade and Abigail are nearby.

SOMMERFIELD
Biomedica Enterprises. They've been buying up all sorts of supplies -- Taq polymerase, bone marrow growth supplement, genetic sequencing enzymes.

BLADE
We'll check it out.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIOMEDICA ENTERPRISES - NIGHT

A high-tech research park.

INT. BIOMEDICA ENTERPRISES - LAB - NIGHT

Hendrix, the vampire doctor we saw earlier, sits at a computer workstation. Chief Vreede confers with him. We hear a KNOCK at the door. Hendrix looks to Vreede. They obviously weren't expecting anyone.

Hendrix moves to the door, checking a surveillance monitor. He can't see anyone outside. He shrugs, turns to leave and --

CRUNCH! The door is SMASHED inward, taking much of the door frame with it, flattening Hendrix.

Blade and Abigail step inside. As Blade hauls Hendrix up from the ground, Abigail points her already drawn gun at --

CHIEF VREEDE

He was reaching into his jacket for his own piece, now thinks better of it.

BLADE

Doing a little moonlighting, Chief?

Blade nods to Abigail. She reaches onto Vreede's jacket to disarm him. Blade grips Hendrix by the shirt collar.

BLADE

C'mere. We need to talk.

Blade PUNCHES Hendrix in the face. Hendrix sags for a moment, stunned.

BLADE

Now spill it, bite-boy.

HENDRIX

(wiping a bloody nose)

You know what we're doing. Drake has come back to us. Soon we'll all be Daywalkers.

And when that day comes, the world will
truly be ours.

Blade nods towards the back of the lab where another door -- a
very secure one -- is located.

BLADE
What's back there?

Hendrix shoots a quick look to Vreede. Then he turns on
Blade, all fangs and claws, trying to tear Blade's eyes out --

Abigail FIRES her UV gun with blinding speed and --

-- Hendrix is dead before he knows it. ASHING all over Blade.

Blade brushes Hendrix's remains from coat collar, shoots
Abigail a look: "Did you really have to do that?"

BLADE
(dryly)
Thanks.

Abigail cringes. Mea culpa.

Blade looks to the floor. Aside from some cinders, all that
remains of Hendrix are his glasses and a singed keycard.
Blade picks up the keycard, looks to Vreede.

BLADE
What's behind Door Number One?

VREEDE
They'll kill me --

BLADE
(an evil grin)
So will I. But I'll enjoy it more.

Vreede nods. They move towards the door. Blade slides the
security card. An inset light changes from RED to GREEN.
Vreede punches in a numeric code. The doors slide open --

INT. BLOOD FARMING FACILITY - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Blade, Abigail, and Vreede emerge into a cavernous room.

ABIGAIL
God in Heaven --

HUNDREDS OF HUMAN CADAVERS

hang from gantries, preserved in fluid-filled pods, suspended by wires like nightmarish marionettes. The bodies are hooked up to an elaborate system of biosensor feeds and IVs which are designed to replenish vital nutrients.

BLADE
What was this place?

Vreede pauses before answering, looking uncomfortable.

VREEDE
It's a blood farming facility.
(elaborating)
They decided that hunting humans on a piece-meal basis was too inefficient. Why kill your prey when you can keep them alive? Productive. Under optimal conditions a donor can generate anywhere from fifty to a hundred pints of blood a year.

ABIGAIL
(sickened)
But where did you get all these people?

VREEDE
The streets. In any given year you've got two to three million homeless people wandering around America --
(shrugging)
No one cares about them. We're doing the country a service, really.

Blade shakes his head, admiring the horrible efficiency.

BLADE
The vampire Final Solution.

Abigail moves towards one of the pods, touching her hand to the glass, studying the comatose person within.

ABIGAIL
Are they aware? Do they feel anything?

VREEDE
(shaking his head)
They're in a chemical-induced coma.
They're brain-dead, vegetables.

Blade angrily SLAMS Vreede's face against one of the pods.

BLADE
Look at this! Is this the future you
want? You think there's a place for you
in their world?

Vreede starts crying, blubbering.

VREEDE
We don't have a choice! They're going to
win, don't you see that?! He's come back!
There's nothing stopping them now!

Blade pulls Vreede back so they're nose to nose --

BLADE
There's me.

-- and Blade releases Vreede.

BLADE
Go. You've got thirty seconds.

Vreede turns and runs, stumbling towards the door. Despite his promise, Blade lifts his MACH. Without even looking in Vreede's direction, Blade FIRES. We hear Vreede drop.

Blade turns to Abigail. She can hardly contain herself. Nearby is a control console. Blade UNLOADS his MACH pistol into it, damaging the interlinked life support systems.

One by one, the vital signs and EKGs on the pods flat-line, their warning tones rising into a collective, PIERCING WAIL.

BLADE (CONT'D)
(feeling a heavy weight)
Let's go.

Blade and Abigail leave, turning the lights out as they go.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - STORAGE AREA - NIGHT

A basketball hoop has been set up in the back area and Dex and Hedges are engaged in a wicked game of one-on-one.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - LABORATORY AREA - NIGHT

Sommerfield works, refining the virus. Because she is blind, she doesn't need light. Her computer's voice synthesis program has been activated and it's currently reading the various statistics that appear on her main monitor.

COMPUTER

CYTOGENETICS AUDIT DATA FROM -- AUGUST
FIFTEENTH, TWO-THOUSAND AND FOUR.

(beat)

AMNIOTIC FLUIDS -- INPUT DELAY/ZERO.
ABNORMAL SAMPLES/TWO. BANDING
QUALITY/SEVEN-POINT-TWO --

At the same time, Sommerfield is reading aloud to Zoe, who sits nearby. The book is The Emerald City of Oz and it's in Braille. Sommerfield scans with her fingers.

SOMMERFIELD

'The reason most people are bad is because they do not try to be good. Now, the Nome King had never tried to be good, so he was very bad indeed. Having decided to conquer the Land of Oz and to destroy the Emerald City and enslave all its people, King Roquat the Red kept planning ways to do this dreadful thing, and the more he planned the more he believed he would be able to accomplish it --'

COMPUTER

CYTOGENETICS AUDIT DATA FROM -- AUGUST
FIFTEENTH, TWO-THOUSAND AND FOUR.

ANGLE ON A BANK OF SURVEILLANCE MONITORS

We see Whistler approaching through the garage.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The steel door slides open and Whistler enters.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - INFIRMARY AREA - NIGHT

King drowzes on a cot. He hears a NOISE, opens his eyes.
Whistler stands in the doorway.

KING
You get me those Fruit Roll-ups like I
asked --
(surprised)
Dude. Aren't you dead?

Whistler doesn't respond. King tries to sit up -- but
Whistler places his hand on King's mouth, shoving him down,
starting to smother him. King struggles, confused.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - STORAGE AREA - NIGHT

Dex manages to steal the ball from Hedges, makes a shot.
Behind them, Whistler enters the makeshift court.

130 INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - LABORATORY AREA - NIGHT130

Abruptly, the sounds of the one-on-one game stop. We hear a
THUD from the back of the warehouse -- like someone falling.

COMPUTER
BLOODS -- INPUT DELAY/ZERO. ABNORMAL
SAMPLES/SEVEN. BANDING QUALITY/EIGHT-
POINT-ONE --

Sommerfield looks to the storage area. The silence is
unnerving. She turns off her voice-synthesis program. Then
closes the book.

SOMMERFIELD
Guys? You okay --?

ON THE DOORWAY

The basketball comes bouncing out. It rolls, coming to rest
against a workbench. There are BLOOD SPATTERS on the ball.

Sommerfield reaches for her cane. She TAP-TAPS her way to the
ball, feels the blood. Knows what it is.

SOMMERFIELD
Zoe, go find some place to hide, sweetie.

Zoe hesitates. Sommerfield senses it and lashes out with her cane, BANGING a rack of equipment, startling the girl.

SOMMERFIELD

Damnit, go! Get out of here, Zoe!

The girl scurries away. Sommerfield TAP-TAPS with her cane, moving towards the storage area. She finds a gun cabinet, feels around with her hands, locates an electronic pistol.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - STORAGE AREA - NIGHT

Sommerfield enters. Dex and Hedges are sprawled on the floor before her, having been slaughtered. Blood is everywhere. She doesn't see them, of course. But we do.

THE CAMERA SHIFTS AROUND,

revealing Whistler crouched right behind her!

She's unaware of his presence. And as we watch, his facial features shift. We hear the sickening sounds of CARTILAGE POPPING and we realize that it's Drake, not Whistler.

With mounting dread, Sommerfield turns towards the sound. And then Drake is upon her, rushing forward with a GROWL.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - BATHROOM - NIGHT

As Sommerfield's AGONIZED SCREAMS echo through the warehouse, Zoe rushes into the bathroom, looking for a place to hide. She considers the lockers, discounts them. Then settles on --

A HEATING GRATE

near the floor. It's about fourteen inches wide -- just barely big enough for her to squeeze into.

Zoe kneels, prying the grate off. Inside, a heating duct extends four feet before making a ninety-degree turn upward. Zoe climbs into the duct feet first, scooting her body backwards. Then she reaches for the grate, securing it back on, sealing herself inside.

INT. HEATING DUCT - NIGHT

Zoe waits. It's cramped and claustrophobic inside the duct. She's managed to force herself all the way back to the ninety degree turn by curling up into a near fetal position.

ZOE'S POV (THROUGH GRATE)

Mostly tile floor and a small portion of the open doorway leading to the hallway outside.

She listens, trying to hear past the sound of her own

BREATHING which has been magnified because of the ducting.

The screams from the outer rooms have stopped. Then --

ZOE'S POV (THROUGH GRATE)

A pair of boots appear in the doorway -- Drake.

Zoe holds her breath. We HEAR Drake searching the bathroom, opening the lockers and bathroom stalls.

ZOE'S POV (THROUGH GRATE)

Drake's boot-clad feet pass by the grate again, closer, tñs time. They pause for an interminable moment --

Zoe shuts her eyes. She can't stand it. Finally, we hear Drake's FOOTSTEPS receding away. Relieved, Zoe takes in a breath and opens her eyes --

ZOE'S POV (THROUGH GRATE)

Drake's face is right there. pressed up against the other side of the grate, staring at her!

Zoe SCREAMS. With a ROAR, Drake rips the grate off. He tries to climb inside, but the width of the duct is too narrow to accommodate the size of his upper body.

Instead, he reaches his right arm in, extending his clawed hand as far as he possibly can. Zoe WHIMPERS, trying to compress her mass into an even tighter ball --

ON DRAKE'S HAND,

having reached the limits of its extension -- his fingertips
only a few scant inches from Zoe's face.

Zoe's been allowed a moment's reprieve. He can't reach her!

But then we hear the sound of POPPING CARTILAGE. Of TINY BONES shifting beneath Drake's flesh. Drake's fingers are elongating, snake-like Reaching for Zoe's face, rapidly closing the space which separates them --

CUT TO:

EXT. LUNA PARK/GARAGE - NIGHT

The real Blade and Abigail are returning. The sliding garage door opens and the Land Cruiser glides inside.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Blade and Abigail enter. The place is dark. They know instinctively that something is wrong.

Blade tries a nearby light. The power is out. They both draw their weapons. Blade turns on a FLASHLIGHT. They move onto the darkness --

SHADOWS loom everywhere. It's like a tornado touched down inside. Equipment lies smashed, tables and chairs have been overturned. Sommerfield's lab area has been destroyed.

ABIGAIL
King --

Blade and Abigail rush to the infirmary area, but King is gone and the place has been trashed. They move into --

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - STORAGE AREA - NIGHT

-- the back area. They find Dex and Hedges on the floor, their bodies bled, desecrated.

ABIGAIL
(realizing)
Zoe -- where's Zoe?

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - VARIOUS - NIGHT

With increased urgency, Blade and Abigail search the headquarters -- the bathroom, the garage, every nook and cranny. With each moment, Abigail becomes more panicked.

ABIGAIL
Where is she?!

They can't find her anywhere.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - SHOWER AREA - NIGHT

Blade and Abigail enter. A thin stream of BLOOD snakes its way across the shower tiles. They follow it, discovering --

SOMMERFIELD,

her body propped up mock-crucifixion style in the showers. On the wall nearby, someone has written a message in blood:

"IMMORTALITY WILL COME TO SUCH AS ARE FIT FOR IT"

ON BLADE

He knows damn well who left him the message.

As tears streak down Abigail's cheeks, she rushes to Sommerfield's body. Together, she and Blade get her down.

Abigail clutches Sommerfield, slowly rocking the body in her arms. Blade puts a hand on her shoulder.

BLADE
Use it.

Abigail doesn't respond. Her whole body is shaking.

BLADE (CONT'D)
(more firmly)
Use it.

Abigail raises her head, her eyes filled with hatred. Blade doesn't let up. He's like a drill instructor, galvanizing her with his words.

BLADE (CONT'D)
USE IT!!!

Abigail lifts her head toward the heavens, letting loose a TORTURED SCREAM that erupts from the very pit of her soul.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHOENIX TOWERS - NIGHT

Abigail's SCREAM ECHOES over the moonlit cityscape.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON King's bloody face. A dog is licking it. King stirs, his eyes fluttering open --

KING'S POV

The rottweiler we saw earlier is slobbering all over him.

PULL BACK to reveal King on his knees, shirtless, both wrists secured behind him in a high-tech pillory. King tries to twist his head away from the dog. The rottweiler GROWLS.

KING
Back off, pooch --

The rottweiler's jaws open, revealing more teeth than any dog should probably have.

Its muzzle splits in two as both sides of the rottweiler mandible fold back on either side of its head, disgorging a hellish and barbed tongue stalk! The mutant dog ROARS, ready to bite King's face off and --

KING
Jesus Christ!

-- Grimwood appears from off-screen, LAUGHING, pulling the animal back. We see Danica and Asher now as well.

KING
What the fuck?! WHAT THE FUCK?!?

ASHER

His name's Beau. We've been experimenting with porting the vampire gene over into other species.

As Asher pets the rottweiler, its muzzle closes back up again. It looks up at him, panting happily, tongue lolling.

KING

You made a goddamn vampire dog?!

GRIMWOOD

Yeah. Cool, huh?

DANICA

Poor little King. You look so distraught.

Danica wipes a little blood from the corner of King's mouth. She touches her fingertips to her tongue, tasting his blood.

DANICA

You're tasting a little bland, lover. Not getting enough fatty acids in your diet? Have you tried mackerel? Lake trout?

KING

How about you take a sugar-frosted fuck off the end of my dick?

DANICA

Oh, there'll be time to play doctor later, believe me. But for now, we need to have a little talk.

(beat)

Tell us about this bio-weapon you've been building.

KING

I can tell you two things. Diddly. And shit. And diddly just left the building.

Grimwood steps forward, throttling King for a moment.

GRINWOOD

Spit it out, you fucking fruitcake!

KING

Okay, here's the deal with the weapon - (coughing)

It's a new flavor crystal formula. Twice
the chocolaty-goodness, half the calories.
Plus, it helps prevent tooth decay --

Grimwood moves in to choke him again, but Danica intervenes.

DANICA
You're brave, King, I'll give you that.
But underneath all your swagger --

She leans closer, caressing his face.

DANICA
-- I know what you really fear. What
would hurt you more than anything else.

King's smile falters for a moment. Maybe she does know. She
rubs her cheek against his.

DANICA
You don't want to go back to being one of
us --
(her lips grazing his)
-- do you?

King tries to turn his head away, but Danica grips his chin,
turning his head back. He's sweating now. Worried.

DANICA
I'm going to bite you again, King. And
then I'm going to leave you here while you
turn. I'm going to watch you, day after
day, while the Thirst keeps building and
building. And then, when you can't stand
it anymore --

She nods. Drake appears, holding Zoe. She's alive.
Terrified. Held firm in Drake's arms.

DANICA
-- I'm going to bring the little girl
for you to feed on. Would you like that,
King? Would you enjoy taking her life?

King shuts his eyes, sickened at the thought. Danica smiles.

DANICA
Now we're getting somewhere, my pet.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS' HEADQUARTERS - SHOOTING RANGE - NIGHT

Abigail sits in her workshop area, restringing one of her bows. Nearby is a table with an assortment of equipment -- a bow press, vise stand, string jig, bow scales and wrench sets.

Across the way is a shooting range with a variety of targets set up, a wall of netting behind them to catch stray arrows. There's also a chronograph outfitted with a ballistic computer to measure arrow speed.

CLOSE ON Abigail's hands as she works with a quiet precision, re-setting the arrow rest, making minor adjustments to the center-shot position and wheel timing, etc.

BLADE

appears in the doorway, watching her.

BLADE
You alright?

ABIGAIL
(brusque)
I'll be fine.

Blade nods. He's going to leave her alone -- but then he hesitates, wrestling to say something.

BLADE
Don't let it turn inward.

Abigail takes a deep breath, pausing in her work.

ABIGAIL
It already has. Since I can remember
I've had this knife of sadness in my
heart. As long as it stays there, I'm
strong. I'm untouchable. But the moment
I pull it out --
(turning back to him)
-- I'll die.

Blade nods. He understands all too well. He leaves.

ON ABIGAIL

She stands, moving to the shooting range. She straps on a quiver, takes aim at

A 3-D HUMAN-SHAPED TARGET

about a hundred feet away. Just in front of the target is the chronograph, which looks like a miniature set of goal posts.

WHOOSH! Abigail FIRES an arrow. It flies through the arms of the chronograph, sinking into the target's chest. On the screen of the ballistic computer, the arrow's speed is clocked at 240 feet per second. We move CLOSER to her now as--

WHOOSH! Abigail FIRES again. The speed is 242 fps. CLOSER --

WHOOSH! Now the speed is 269 fps. EVEN CLOSER --

WHOOSH!WHOOSH!WHOOSH! 285 fps. 302 fps. 315 fps! The arrow speed creeps up and up as we move CLOSER AND CLOSER to Abigail until we --

-- PULL BACK. Abigail has fired every arrow in her quiver.

ON THE TARGET

The arrows have formed a cross in the target's chest. One vertical grouping running up, another horizontal grouping bisecting it.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - GARAGE - NIGHT

Blade stands at the open entrance. Abigail steps out. Looks like she's made peace with herself for the moment.

ABIGAIL

I'm ready to go.

HEADLIGHTS appear in the distance. Another Land Cruiser approaches, weaving through the amusement park. It pulls to a stop in front of them. The driver's side window rolls down.

A MAN (CAULDER)

sits behind the wheel. He raises a hand in greeting.

CAULDER
My name is Caulder. And I'll be your
driver this evening.

INT. CAULDER'S LAND CRUISER - NIGHT

Caulder's Land Cruiser glides through the streets.

BLADE
Where are you taking us?

CAULDER
Another safehouse.

ABIGAIL
We told you, Blade. We operate in sleeper
cells. When one goes down, a new cell
activates to pick up the slack.

EXT. DEEP-SIX AQUARIUM STOCK - NIGHT

Caulder pulls up in front of a fish supply store.

INT. DEEP-SIX AQUARIUM STOCK - NIGHT

Caulder unlocks an accordion security gate, opens the door.
He leads Blade and Abigail through the darkened aisles. There
are fish tanks on either side, aerators BUBBLING, aquatic
animals of every kind swimming about.

IN THE BACK

is another arsenal/lab area. This one is smaller than the
Nightstalkers' main headquarters. Caulder moves to a
computer, calls up a file. A dialogue box for a media player
opens. Caulder activates a video file.

CAULDER
Sommerfield left a video message for you.

ON THE MONITOR

The video plays. We see Sommerfield's face on the screen.
She looks grave, as if she might have been crying.

SOMMERFIELD

(on video)

If you're watching this, I'm already dead. If Zoe's still alive, I want you to promise you'll take care of her. I've been reading her The Oz books every night. We just started The Emerald City of Oz, the one with the Nome King --

Her voice cracks and she pauses, wiping away a tear.

SOMMERFIELD

I think I've managed to cultivate a workable strain of the Daystar virus. As a precaution, I transmitted the genetic sequence to Caulder, in case our main stock was destroyed. In order for it to achieve maximum lethality, you'll need to interfuse it with Drake's blood. If it works, any vampires in the immediate vicinity should die almost instantly. After that, it should take only a few weeks for the virus to spread throughout the rest of the world.

Zoe hesitates, deciding how to broach the next subject.

SOMMERFIELD

There's one other thing, Blade. You need to know that there's a chance the virus could destroy you too. Because you're a hybrid, I'm not sure whether your immune system will be able to tolerate it.

(beat)

I'm sorry. We didn't have enough time to properly test it.

The video cuts to STATIC. Abigail turns off the monitor, looking to Blade. God only knows what he's thinking.

CAULDER

Take a look at the plague arrow.

Caulder reaches for a refrigerated aluminum case, snapping it open. Inside, resting on a bed of form-fitting foam, is a glass ampule that's been fitted into a stake-like contraption. It looks like the head of a high-tech harpoon.

CAULDER

I only had time to fabricate a small batch of Daystar. I outfitted it with a compressed gas projectile, so you should be able to fire it from one of the fourbarrel rifles or a bow.

(beat)

Just make sure the shot counts, cause we don't have enough for a second try.

A SERIES OF DISSOLVES

Abigail sits before a laptop, creating another custom MP3 playlist. We watch as she hi-lights songs with her mouse, moves them over to her portable device with a few CLICKS.

Abigail unhooks her MP3 device, slips her earbud headphones into her ears. The SOUNDS of Fluke's track Atom Bomb fade up, gradually shifting from tinny source music to SOUNDTRACK.

MORE DISSOLVES

Blade and Abigail suit up, arming themselves. We SEE:

Blade loading rounds into his pistols.

Abigail selecting arrows, checking the range-dials.

Blade sliding silver stakes into his bandoliers.

Abigail working with Caulder, affixing the plague capsule to one of her arrowheads.

Blade polishes his sword. Finished, he sights down the length of it, takes a practice swing, then secures it in his back scabbard with a flourish.

EXT. DEEP-SIX AQUARIUM STOCK - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

We hear the RUMBLE of two motorcycles. Blade emerges from the alley astride his signature Ducati ST2 crotch-rocket. Abigail appears a moment later on her own customized bike.

Blade revs his engine. Then the two bikes take off.

CUT TO:

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - DRAKE'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Drake sits before Zoe, who has been shackled to the wall, his right arm encased in one of the armored gauntlets from his

burial armor. The rest of the armor has been propped up on a stand nearby.

DRAKE

Do you know who I am?

ZOE

You're the Nome King.

Drake smiles at this.

DRAKE

The Nome King. I like that.

(leaning closer)

Tell me, child. Do you want to die?

Zoe is terrified but tries to remain defiant.

ZOE

I'm not afraid -- I'll go to Heaven.

DRAKE

There is no Heaven. No God. No angels.

No happy ending for good little girls.

The only thing you have to look forward to is nothingness.

As Drake talks his pupils seem to widen -- until the darkness nearly occludes the whites of his eyes. Zoe stares at him. Can't tear her gaze away. His eyes are hypnotic.

DRAKE

But what if you could change that? What if you could remain a child forever?

He reaches out, running a sharp fingernail over her cheek.

DRAKE

What if you could keep this little doll-like face of yours until the sun itself cooled to a cold, hard rock?

(beat)

Wouldn't you like that? Wouldn't you accept that gift?

Zoe reaches out, calmly touches Drake's cheek.

ZOE

My friends are coming to kill you.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

WHACK! Grimwood PUNCHES King, whose body sags, weakened from the beatings he has undergone. Asher and Danica look on.

KING
-- gonna be sorry you did that --

ASHER
Nobody's coming for you, King.

KING
Sure they are. Left a trail of digital bread crumbs --

DANICA
Excuse me?

KING
One thing you need to know about us Nightstalkers. When you join our club, you get this nifty little tracking node surgically implanted in your body --

GRIMWOOD
Bullshit.

KING
Scout's honor. One of us gets lost, the others just dial up the satellite and presto, instant cavalry.

Grimwood looks to Asher and Danica, unsure.

AS HER
He's bluffing.

DANICA
(smiling, playing along)
Okay, King, where did they put this tracking node of yours?

He motions for her to draw closer, whispering.

KING
It's in my left ass-cheek --

WHACK! Danica slaps King's face, making him see stars.

KING
Alright. alright, it's in my right ass-
cheek --

WHACK! Danica slaps King again, this time knocking his head
the other way. He spits out blood --

KING
No, seriously --
(gasping)
-- it's in the meat of my butt, right
below my Bart Simpson tattoo --

Danica PUNCHES King's mid-section. He sucks air. Despite his
attempts at humor, he's hurting now. His body sags --

KING
-- pull down my tighty-whities -- see for
yourself.

DANICA
ENOUGH! It's not funny anymore!

Behind Danica, Grimwood and Asher both COUGH.

King lifts his bruised face, staring up at Danica through
blood-shrouded eyes. For the first time, we get a sense of
his true hatred for her.

KING
No, it's not, you horse-humping bitch --
(wincing as he breathes)
-- but it will be a few seconds from now.

DANICA
(coughing)
And what happens then, lover?

KING
Hammer time.
(beat)
See, that tickle in your throat you're
feeling right now?

Danica COUGHS again, blinks repeatedly, as if her eyes were
irritated. She rubs them, looks to the others. They're
feeling the effects too. And Grimwood's face is smoking!

KING
That's atomized colloidal silver.

Danica keys into the RUMBLE of the air-conditioning system and a HISSING SOUND beneath that. She looks up --

KING
It's being pumped into the building's air conditioning system.

ANGLE ON THE HEATING REGISTER ABOVE

We GO MACRO, shrinking down until we see a CLOUD OF TINY SILVER PARTICLES blowing into the room. The particles are dusting the vampires, being unwittingly inhaled by them and --

WE'RE BACK TO NORMAL

as the vampires react en mass, suddenly gagging, their throats and faces on fire.

KING
Which means that the fat lady should be singing right about --

GRIMWOOD

has caught the worst of it. A whole lung-full. He SHRIEKS as He coughs up blue-tinged FLAMES, the flesh on his face simultaneously burning away and --

KING
-- NOW

THE SKYLIGHT ABOVE THEM

SHATTERS as Blade crashes down. He lands in a cat-like stance, then flips over into a cartwheel, KICKING Grimwood in the face. As Grimwood goes down, Asher and Danica scatter --

Blade tackles Grimwood, sending both of them over the railing into the lower level of the penthouse.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

ALARMS are ringing. Asher and Danica rush down the hall, trying not to breathe the silver-contaminated air. We SEE other vampires staggering from doorways, COUGHING, GAGGING.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - DRAKE'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Drake hears the ALARMS. He reaches for his sword, which rests in a nearby stand. As he heads out, he strides past Zoe, still chained to the wall.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

On the lower level, Blade and Grimwood are going at it.

REINFORCEMENTS

flood in from multiple entry ways. It's an all-out melee. Blade is seriously overwhelmed, but the sheer number of vampires and humans is actually slowing them down.

Blade takes on a half-dozen of them at once, stunning one of the familiars, using him as a human shield, TOSSING him aside to trip up another on-rushing pair.

Then he pauses, instantly calculating the geography of the room, the relative positions of the other combatants, assessing decorations and furniture as possible weapons. His battle plan ready, Blade engages his enemies once again.

MEANWHILE, ON THE UPPER LEVEL

Abigail appears at the lip of the smashed-in skylight. She lowers herself down on a rope, rushes to King's side --

ABIGAIL
You alright?

KING
Nothing a hot tub full of Bactine won't
fix.

Abigail hits the release switch on the high-tech pillory and the cuffs around his wrists open. As Abigail helps King out:

ABIGAIL
Zoe --

KING
Drake's got her.

Abigail nods, handing King her pistol. Then she's out the door. Seconds later, King follows --

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - HALLWAYS - VARIOUS - NIGHT

Abigail pauses, slipping her earbuds in, turning on her MP3 player. The bumping-strains of Fluke's Absurd track kick in. Abigail uncilps her UV arc, telescopes it outward and --

-- suddenly it's like we're in a first-person shooter video game. She moves through the corridors with mathematical precision, feeling the MUSIC in her bones, slicing through every vampire she encounters with deadly efficiency.

VAMPIRES AND HUMAN FAMILIARS

are coming out from every doorway.

Abigail PUNCHES one in the solar plexus, DECAPITATES another, finishes off the first. Then she's moving on, taking down a third, fourth, and fifth vampire with her rapid-fire stake dispenser. Throwing stakes with blinding speed.

After a half-dozen stakes, her dispenser is empty. Without missing a beat, she presses a tab on the dispenser, ejects the clip, then reaches to her belt where a back-up is secured and slaps it in place. The mayhem continues.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - PENTHOUSE - LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT

Blade unsheathes his sword. He parries two combatants with clubs, then whirls around, DEFLECTING a GUNSHOT from a third with the flat of his sword.

Grimwood is furious. His men are tripping all over themselves. He grabs an antique battle axe that's secured to the wall. He sees an opening, SWINGS at Blade's head --

-- Blade drops and the axe slices through one of Grimwood's own men.

In an eye-blink, Blade is up again, advancing. He cuts down another familiar, pushes forward, cuts oown a second --

Now Blade and Grimwood are face to face. Grimwood swings his axe again. Blade hooks his sword beneath it, FLIPPING it from Grimwood's hands.

Blade sweeps his sword around in a wide arc, CUTTING straight through Grimwood's mid-section. The upper half of Grimwood's body topples away --

-- then he rights himself. A half-vampire. He's still alive, running forward on his hands, trailing viscera. He SPRINGS UP at Blade, all claws and gnashing teeth.

Blade catches Grimwood by the throat, whirls him around --

-- and manages to IMPALE what's left of Grimwood with his sword-point. Grimwood ASHES in Blade's arms. The only thing left are his steel teeth, which CLATTER to the floor at Blade's feet.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - DRAKE'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Abigail enters, SEES Zoe. TWO VAMPIRES GUARDS stand nearby. In a flash, Abigail flings TWO SILVER STAKES at them. Both stakes hit their mark and the vamps crumple to ASH.

Abigail hurries over, SHOOTs apart the lock on Zoe's shackle. Zoe wraps her arms around Abigail, hugging her tight. Abigail takes Zoe by the hand, pulling her towards the door.

ABIGAIL

Come on, hon. Let's get you out of here.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

King stumbles out into the hallway, pulling his shirt back on. As he limps down the corridor, a GROWL makes him pause --

KING'S POV

Beau, the vampire rottweiler, lopes around the corner. Then --

TWO MORE ROTTWEILERS

emerge behind Beau. They're all GROWLING now.

KING

(under his breath)

Fuck. Me. Sideways.

The three of them break, BARKING like crazy, snouts splitting open as their jaws flower apart.

CUT TO:

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - ATRIUM - UPPER GALLERY - NIGHT

Blade moves into the upper gallery of a vast atrium.

DRAKE

stands before him, waiting, sword in hand. He extends it, touching the tip to the floor. A challenge.

DRAKE

Are you ready to die, Blade?

BLADE

Been ready since the day I was born,
mother-fucker.

DRAKE

(with a smile)

Then allow me to accommodate you.

Drake does a back-flip over the balcony. Forty feet down.

Blade follows, drawing his sword as he LEAPS --

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - ATRIUM - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

-- and lands. Now the two warriors face each other, swords raised, eyes locked, their stances frozen. Like classic samurai. Whoever moves first, loses.

Beat. MOVING IN on both men, CIRCLING around them. Slow the heart. Slow the breath. Find the opening.

DRAKE

breaks first, bringing his sword over in less time than it takes to blink an eye. No one could possibly deflect the blow. And yet --

BLADE

manages a COUNTER-STROKE with super-human grace. He advances, parries, his sword CLANGING and SINGING like a blacksmith's hammer on sheet metal.

Cut, thrust, block, diagonal downward slashes. The moves come faster. Drake DUCKS, barely avoiding being decapitated. Blade's sword cuts right through a column instead.

Drake retaliates. Blade locks swords with him. For a moment, the two warriors are nose to nose. Then Blade twists his sword free, cutting open Drake's cheek --

Drake GROWLS, back-flipping up onto a ledge. He touches his fingertips to the cut, tastes his own blood. Then we hear the telltale sounds of CARTILAGE POPPING. For a brief moment, his facial features shift, giving us yet another glimpse of his true form. As his anger increases, Drake begins to devolve.

He DIVES at Blade, HOWLING, raking his CLAWS at Blade's face. He strikes out, KNOCKING Blade across the atrium. He SPRINGS forward, dragging Blade up by his throat, sinking his fangs into Blade's shoulder. Blade SCREAMS and we --

CUT TO:

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

-- as King runs. He hazards a look back. The vampire dogs are quickly gaining on him.

UP AHEAD

It's a dead-end. Just plate glass windows and a whole lot of nothing beyond.

The dogs are almost on King when suddenly, King JUMPS, snagging an overhead pipe. As he swings his body upward --

THE DOGS

skid on the floor, unable to stop their momentum, and CRASH straight through the plate glass window.

EXT. PHOENIX TOWERS - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

An EXPLOSION OF GLASS as two of the vampire rottweilers tumble into the night. They fall like stones -- twenty stories down into the traffic-clogged intersection below.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

King drops back to the floor, cackling, pleased with himself. It takes him a second to realize that --

ONE OF THE ROTTWEILERS (BEAU)

-- didn't take a swan dive out the window. He's right behind King. And now he's SPRINGING FORWARD --

WHAM! King is hit in the chest by the SNARLING beast. He drops the pistol as he's knocked back onto the floor. The dog LUNGES again --

With one arm, King struggles to keep his face from being bit off, while searching blindly for the discarded pistol. King locates it, FIRING into the beast's chest --

THE ROTTWEILER

ASHES, disintegrating all over King's face. King gets a mouthful of the charcoal remains, tries to SPIT them out.

KING
(making a face)
Bad dog.

CUT TO:

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - ATRIUM - UPPER GALLERY - NIGHT

Abigail emerges onto the gallery with Zoe. She spots an alcove, indicates that Zoe should hide. Then she slips a silver stake into Zoe's hand. Just in case.

Abigail rushes to the handrail, looking down at Blade and Drake. Her view is obscured. She can't get a good shot.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - ATRIUM - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

Drake digs his fangs into Blade's shoulder. Blade struggles, manages to slip a stake from his bandolier --

WHAM! Blade SLAMS the stake into Drake's ear canal. The beast SHRIEKS in pain, dropping Blade. But all the gambit has done is drive Drake into a berserker rage.

Drake swings his fist. Blade ducks. Drake's fist goes through the wall, PUNCTURING a steam pipe. Steam vents --

Drake reaches in, RIPS an eight-foot section of the pipe from the wall, bringing a SPARKING nest of electrical cables along with it. He swings the pipe section around, WHACKING Blade.

KRUNCH! Drake swings the makeshift club again. He's a one man demolition crew, decimating everything in his path. He's SMASHING holes in the floor, the walls, plowing through partitions of glass and steel.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - ATRIUM - UPPER GALLERY - NIGHT

Abigail moves down the gallery, looks up --

A SERIES OF LIGHTING GANTRIES

span the length of the atrium ceiling.

Abigail balances on the handrail, then jumps out into space --

-- catching hold of one of the crosspieces. Like an acrobat, she monkey-swings her way beneath the gantry. If she loses her grip, she'll fall more than fifty feet.

BA-BANG! A bullet strikes just in front of Abigail, showering her with SPARKS. MORE BULLETS follow.

ANGLE ON PAIR OF VAMPIRES

FIRING from below, trying to pick her off. Suddenly, UV BULLETS strike each of the vampires. As they ASH we --

WHIP-PAN BACK TO KING,

having dragged his battered body out onto the upper gallery. He's playing guardian angel to Abigail, laying down cover fire so she can continue. But then --

DANICA

KING!!!

DANICA

appears behind King. She TACKLES him, wrestling him to the floor, pummeling his face with her fist.

King tries to ward off the blows, but he's sorely outmatched. He swings his electronic pistol up --

Danica twists it from his grip, ejecting the clip from the stock. King's sun dog bullets spill out all over the floor. She tosses the gun aside, reaches for King again --

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - LIGHTING GANTRY - NIGHT

Back to Abigail. She's breathing heavily, trying to call up new reserves of strength. She glances down --

Big mistake.

She forces herself to look back up. She swings herself pendulum-style, manages to snag yet another crosspiece. A SHOT RINGS OUT --

ANGLE ON ASHER,

down below, armed with a rifle. He FIRES again --

-- grazing Abigail's shoulder with the bullet. Abigail CRIES OUT, nearly losing her grip.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - ATRIUM - UPPER GALLERY - NIGHT

King rolls on his side, spits out a bloody tooth.

KING

No offense, Danica --

(gasping in pain)

-- but I've wanted to kill you since the moment we slept together.

DANICA

I was that bad, huh?

King reaches a palsied hand for his discarded pistol, points

it vaguely in Danica's direction. She LAUGHS.

DANICA

No bullets in your gun, King.

KING

Yeah, but here's the beauty --
(wiping his bloody mouth)
-- these babies can be triggered remotely.

King pulls the trigger. The scattered sun dog bullets ERUPT with UV LIGHT. Danica SHRIEKS, trying to shield her already burning face from the glare. She runs, horribly wounded.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - ATRIUM - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

Drake pummels Blade, flinging his body about like a ragdoll. He grabs Blade by his ankle, swings him upwards some thirty feet --

SMASH! Blade collides with the underside of a massive hanging glass chandelier/lighting fixture.

Blade FALLS back to the ground, stunned, dropping his sword. Drake pounces on him. Blade can barely fend off Drake's blows anymore. In desperation he digs his fingers into Drake's eyes.

Drake swings both fists downward, Hulk-style, SHATTERING an entire section of the limestone flooring.

A SHOCK-WAVE ripples out from the point of impact, sending waves of two-foot stone tiles flipping up into the air, knocking Blade off his feet.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - ATRIUM - UPPER GALLERY - NIGHT

King loads a sun dog into his pistol, steadies his aim on the railing, and FIRES at Asher --

THE SUN DOG

screams across the atrium, striking dead-center in Asher's open mouth. The bullet EXPLODES. UV LIGHT causes Asher's skull to burn up from the inside out. His headless corpse falls forward over the gallery railing. Then it too carbonizes and BURNS UP.

Relieved, King sinks to his knees.

BEHIND KING,

we SEE Zoe slip from the alcove. She makes for the stairs.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - LIGHTING GANTRY - NIGHT

King has bought Abigail more time. She swings her body forward, hooking her legs over the next crosspiece. Then she lets go with her hands. Now she is hanging upside down, secured only by the tension in her calves.

Abigail reaches behind her, removes her bow. BLOOD from her wounded shoulder drips down over her collar bone, reaching her cheek, briefly obscuring her vision. She wipes it away. Then she reaches back once more and --

-- because her quiver is pointed downward, a number of arrows slide out. Abigail panics, twisting her body --

-- managing to just barely snag the ~la~ue arrow as it tumbles Past her!

Beat. Abigail shuts her eyes, trying to find her center. With her eyes closed, she nocks the arrow and draws the bow back. Then she opens her eyes.

She's only going to get one shot -- and she's going to have to take it while hanging upside down.

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ABIGAIL'S POV

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On Drake and Blade below, locked in combat. She tracks their progress, waits for Drake to move into a better position --

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - ATRIUM - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

Drake shoulders a support column, SNAPPING it in two. An entire section of the gallery walkway above comes CRASHING DOWN, burying Blade in debris --

-- but it's not enough for Drake. He LEAPS forward, fishing Blade out, hauling him up --

Drake head-butts Blade -- once, twice. Blade's eyes roll to whites. Drake looks down, SEES Blade's discarded sword.

Drake scoops it up, STRIKES at Blade --

Blade manages to roll to the side, avoiding the blow.

Drake STRIKES again, dealing Blade a glancing blow --

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - LIGHTING GANTRY - NIGHT

ON ABIGAIL. Waiting. More blood has trickled down her neck, into her eyes. But she can't wipe them anymore. She's already got her bow drawn. She's committed to the shot.

We can hear ABIGAIL'S HEARTBEAT as she settles. She takes a final breath, holds it -- and lets the plague arrow fly.

ON THE PLAGUE ARROW

as it streaks downward, hurtling towards Drake at more than 300 feet per second. Then, at the last possible instant --

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - ATRIUM - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

CHINGG! Drake deflects the arrow with his sword. It harmlessly falls to the floor, rolling a few yards away.

ON ABIGAIL,

stunned, her expression melting into despair.

BACK TO DRAKE

swinging Blade's sword around. PLUNGING it into Blade's side. As he pulls it back out again --

BLADE

GASPS, sinking downward. He's on his knees now, in shock.

Drake ROARS again shifting, conjuring up seventy centuries of violence and predation. And the nightmare shape that was only hinted at before, finally takes center-stage.

BLOOD suffuses Drake's flesh, turning his skin crimson. His canines elongate, his lower jaw distends. Jagged bone spurs erupt all over his body -- like he's growing

a suit of razor-sharp thorns. He doesn't need a sword anymore. He's become a living weapon. Drake is gone. Now he is --

THE BEAST

Drake swings the sword overhead. He's going to decapitate Blade. And just as the sword reaches the top of its arc --

ZOE

emerges from the shadows behind Drake, clutching a silver stake. She SHOVES it into Drake's back, pushing with all the strength her little body can muster.

Drake staggers. The blow wasn't lethal, but it hurt all the same. He turns on Zoe, enraged, his attention distracted for one crucial second --

ON BLADE,

summoning the last of his reserves. He pitches his body forward, managing to snag the end of the plague arrow. And before Drake even realizes what is happening --

WHAM! Blade sinks the plague arrow deep into Drake's chest. Drake drops the sword, turning back to face Blade --

Exhausted beyond measure, Blade sags.

INSIDE DRAKE'S CHEST - MACRO SHOT

as the arrowhead dispense the bio-weapon. We SEE the virus flooding Drake's internal organs, causing them to blacken as his circulatory system carries it throughout his body.

ON DRAKE'S FACE,

letting loose an INHUMAN SCREAM, vomiting up a spray of blood mist. His monstrous features begin to melt, reshaping into his more familiar face. At the same time we --

GO MACRO ONCE MORE

Shrinking until we are amidst the spray of blood Drake expelled. We continue shrinking until we are moving with the individual molecules of Drake's breath as the plague virions

latch onto them, causing them to blacken and become necrotic. Moving with the twirling molecules until they are inhaled by --

DANICA,

having retreated from her defeat by King. She clutches her throat. We can see the virus infiltrating her system as tiny BLACK THREADS expand across her face. She sways, falling onto the floor. She reaches a beseeching hand towards King --

-- then dies, a final still-born curse on her lips.

MORE VAMPIRES

are feeling the effects now too. One by one they drop, choking, going into convulsions. As they writhe on the floor, we watch the Daystar virus ravaging their bodies.

BACK TO BLADE AND DRAKE

Drake slumps against the wall. Hero and villain are now separated by only a few feet. Both at death's door.

DRAKE

Well done, hunter. Well done.

Blade stares back. At this point, he's just trying to remain conscious. He's lost a ton of blood.

DRAKE

You fought with honor --

Drake shudders, his breathing becoming increasingly shallow.

DRAKE

-- as I knew you would. The humans are coming for you, you know. In their eyes, you and I are the same.

Allow me one last indulgence, then --

(gasping)

-- a parting gift --

Drake grows still, his eyes locked on Blade's.

ABIGAIL AND KING

rush to Blade's side. Zoe joins them. Blade is dying, fading

fast. Abigail shakes Blade --

ABIGAIL
Blade!

Her voice sounds distant and muted, overridden by Blade's own HEARTBEAT which is fading up, dominating the soundtrack.

ABIGAIL
BLADE!!!

Blade's eyes can't focus anymore. They're clouding over.

BLADE'S POV
We drop away from Abigail and King -- like
we're falling down

a dark tunnel. Then the world FADES TO WHITE.

EXT. CITYSCAPE - DAWN

FADE IN FROM WHITE. We see the sky, the burning orb of the rising sun. A trio of FBI helicopters ride out from the dawn, swooping down over the stirring city.

ABIGAIL (V.O.)
It didn't take long for the authorities
to arrive.

INT. LEAD HELICOPTER - DAWN

Cumberland sits in the front passenger seat, Hale behind him.

EXT. PHOENIX TOWERS - PLAZA - DAWN

As the helicopters touch down in the plaza we see a small convoy of POLICE and FBI VEHICLES converging around them.

Cumberland and Hale are among the first out. They rush towards the Phoenix Towers entrance, guns drawn, DOZENS OF AGENTS and OFFICERS behind them.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - ATRIUM - DAWN

The first rays of sun penetrate through the atrium windows setting the scattered vampire corpses ablaze. Danica, Asher,

and the others all ignite.

ABIGAIL (V.0.)

When they got there, all of Drake's
people were dead.

By the time Cumberland and his men have entered, fanning out
through the atrium, all they find are a series of corpse
shaped piles of ash and singe marks.

ABIGAIL (V.0.)

In the weeks that followed, the rest of
the world's vampires also perished.

(beat)

We'd finally won.

ON CUMBERLAND,

surveying the scene, frustrated by what he's found. Then we
hear SHOUTS coming from the back of the atrium.

AT THE BACK OF THE ATRIUM

they find Blade. He's dead, slumped against a wall. There's
no sign of Drake. The vampire king is gone.

INT. FBI MORGUE - DAY

CLOSE ON Blade's face, his body being wheeled on an autopsy
gurney. PULL BACK to reveal that we are in an FBI morgue.
Cumberland and Hale stand nearby, overseeing everything as --

A TRIO OF MEDICAL EXAMINERS

lift Blade's body onto an autopsy table. They turn on a bank
of overhead UV lights. The lead examiner reaches for a
scalpel. But as he touches the scalpel to Blade's chest --

ABIGAIL (V.0.)

And Blade? Cumberland and Hale finally
got their body --

BLADE'S FACE

changes. We hear a series of POPS and CRACKS as subdermal
cartilage begins to loosen and shift. At the same time, the
skin begins to lighten as melanin is gradually leached away.

ABIGAIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
-- but it wasn't the one they were banking
on.

ON CUMBERLAND AND THE OTHERS

as they react with varying degrees of shock.

BACK TO THE BODY

We realize that it's not Blade lying before them. It's Drake.
Somehow, even in death, the vampire king managed to take
Blade's shape and temporarily retain it.

ABIGAIL (V.O.)
The virus didn't kill Blade. But the
authorities very well could have. So in
the end, realizing that own his people
were doomed, Drake decided to give Blade a
gift.

(beat)

ABIGAIL (CONT'Ä) (CONT'Ä)
By taking Blade's shape, he bought Blade
enough time to escape. Offering Blade a
second chance at life - -

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SEASIDE CLIFF - DAY

A bright summer day. Blade stands at the edge of a cliff,
looking out over a sun-struck ocean. For the first time since
we've seen him, he's not wearing armor or sunglasses or
handguns or rifles. And were it not for the sword he holds,
we might even mistake him for an ordinary man.

ABIGAIL (V.O.)
And so Blade took it.

Blade flings his sword over the cliff, into the ocean below.

ABIGAIL (V.O.)
We never saw him again.

UNDERWATER

We see the sword sinking, reflecting the refracted sunlight from above as it twirls end over end.

BACK TO BLADE

At peace with himself at last. After a moment's reflection, he turns and walks away.

ABIGAIL (V.0.)
He disappeared completely.
(beat)
But that's what heroes do. They simply
fade out. And in this way --

A SERIES OF DISSOLVES

as Blade moves further and further away from us, dwindling into the horizon until he disappears entirely.

ABIGAIL (V.0.)
-- they become legends.

FADE TO BLACK.

Over darkness we hear the sound of TRAFFIC.

EXT. THE SLAUGHTERED LAMB - NIGHT

FADE IN. We are moving towards a local punk dive wedged into a crowded block in the meat packing district.

A DOORMAN (LUCIUS) stands outside, checking CUSTOMERS' IDs. We hear HILLBILLY THRASH MUSIC coming from within.

ANGLE ON KING AND ABIGAIL

approaching. King holds his four-barreled rifle. Abigail peels away, disappearing into an alley as King nears the front door. The doorman recognizes King, knows he's trouble.

KING
Evening Lucius.

LUCIUS
King, what the hell are you doing here?

KING
Just a little sport hunting.

INT. CLUB CROWBAR - NIGHT

A BAND belts out a cover of Sam and the Shams' Little Red Riding Hood. The band members look a little lupine. As King weaves his way through the crowd, Lucius hurries alongside.

LUCIUS
Ain't no vampires left, King. So who do you have to hunt?

KING
That's an interesting question, my friend. And I've got a question for you in return.

INT. CLUB CROWBAR - BACK AREA - NIGHT

As King pushes his way through to the bathrooms, we hear an UNEARTHLY ROAR coming from the men's room.

KING
What do you get when you cross a vampire with a werewolf?

The door to the men's room EXPLODES OPEN. Abigail comes flying out. She hits the far wall of the hallway, slides to the floor. But she's up in an instant, pulling a knife on --

KING
(raising his four-barrel)
A fur coat that sticks to your neck.

A HILL-BILLY HIPSTER WERE-CREATURE,

wearing a blood-soaked Stray Cats-style suit. The ephedrine nightmare creature looks at King, opening his elongated snout to flash a set of razor-sharp canid teeth.

KING
Don't you know fur is murder?

As King FIRES point-blank into the were-creature we --

CUT TO BLACK.

CUE MUSIC.

END CREDITS ROLL